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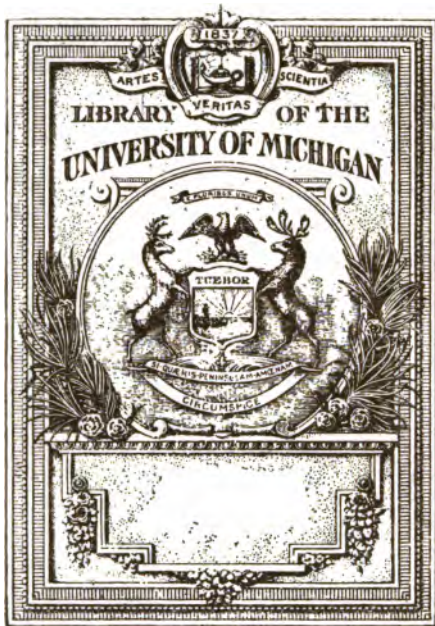
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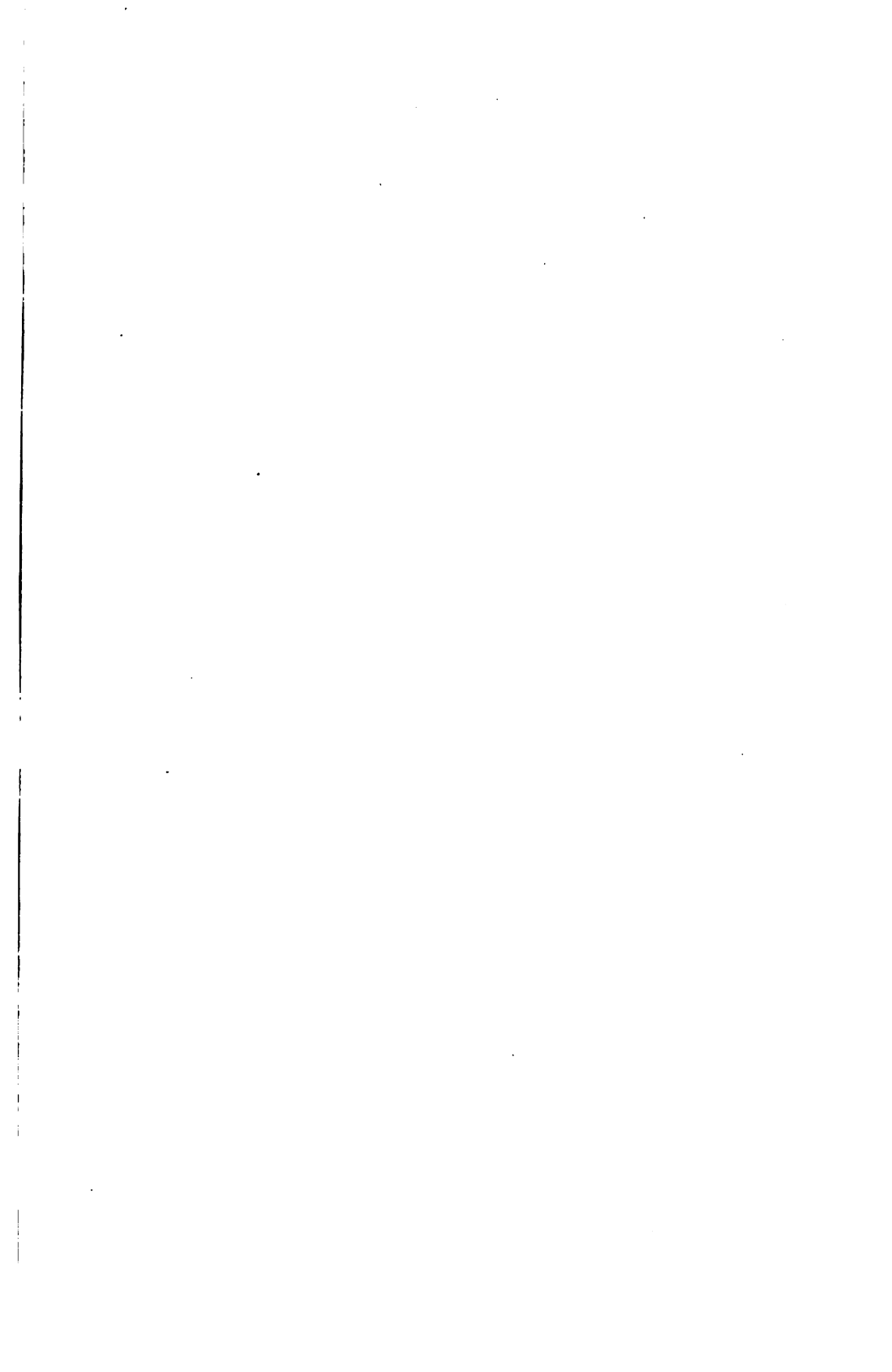
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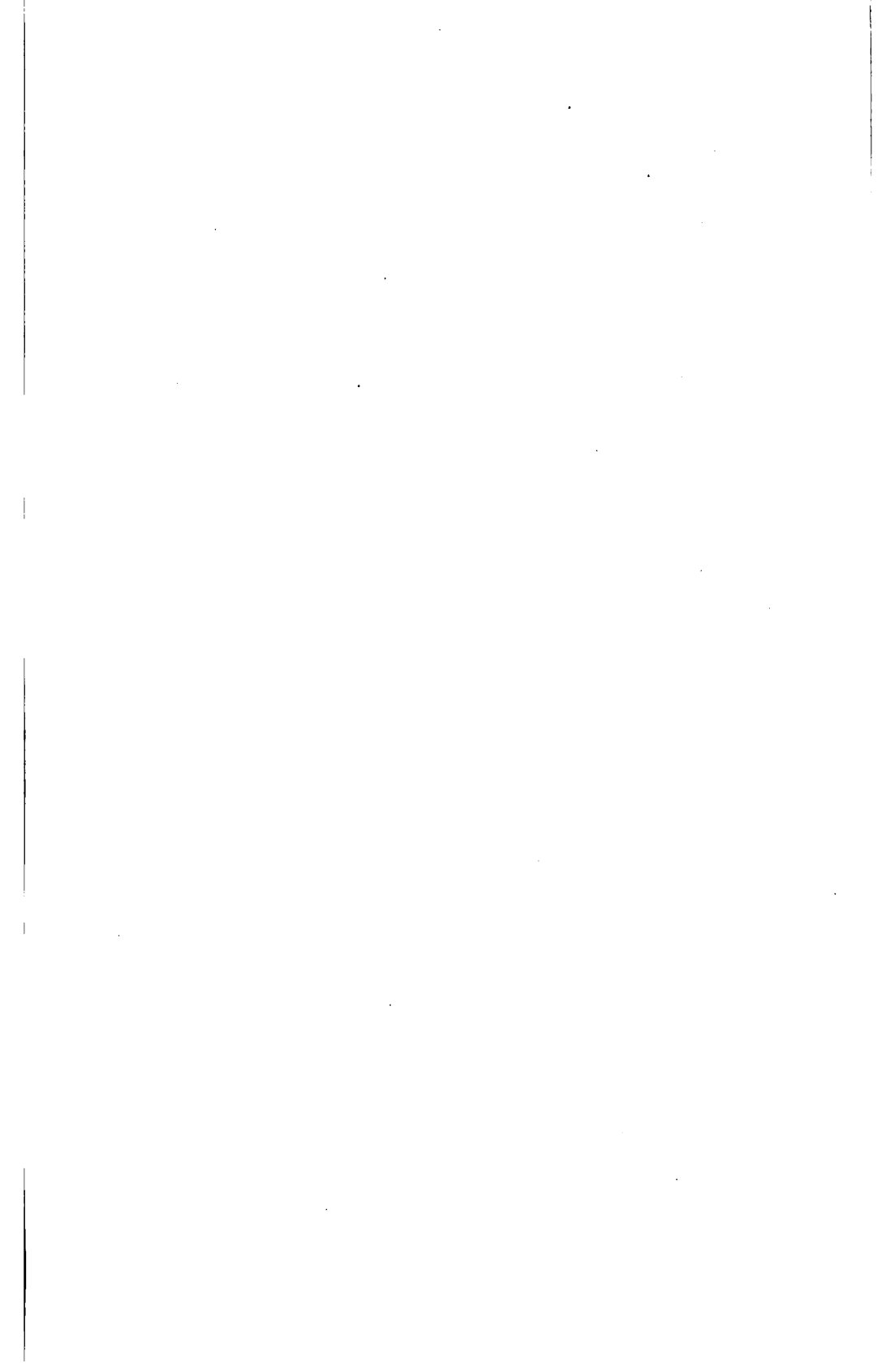
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ELOISE HARDY THATCHER

POEMS FROM THE EAST

POEMS

BY W. B. YEATS

WASHINGTON, D. C.
BYRON S. ADAMS, *Publisher*
1912



• HARDY THATCHER

A VOICE FROM THE PAST



POEMS

by

ELOISE HARDY THATCHER

*Written in an Album presented
to her by a friend in*

1840



WASHINGTON, D. C.
BYRON S. ADAMS, *Publisher*
1912

NO

NO

Mrs. Eliz. Rathbone
1-4-1923

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PREFACE



LOISE HARDY THATCHER was born, and lived a long life, in New London. She was one of Connecticut's sweetest singers, and wherever her verses were read and known they were admired and enjoyed. From her earliest youth to an advanced age she was most attractive and possessed great charm of manner and character. She was endowed with fine mental qualities, refined and cultured, and ever wielded that influence and power given by God, to those favored poets with His gift of interpreting His works and ways, "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn." One versed in astrology and familiar with the national conditions in New London at the period of Eloise Hardy Thatcher's birth might easily have predicted for her an interesting life.

She was born in 1815, just after the close of the War of 1812, when there was great rejoicing throughout the country at the announcement of peace.

In New London, as elsewhere, the celebration was enthusiastic; in fireworks, a ball, a general jubilee. Among the élite of New London society there were some who, while participating in the general rejoicing, still cherished their war animosities to the extent of declining to accept or offer the right hand of fellowship to individual Britishers, so recently opposed to them as enemies. Among those individuals thus discourteously treated was Commodore Hardy. He it was who was the intimate friend of the famous Lord Nelson—in his arms Lord Nelson died. He had served some time in command of the British blockading squadron on Long Island Sound, and had frequently visited New London after the war; there he had made some friends and acquaintances through the British Consul and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Stuart). When Mrs. Thatcher (the mother of Eloise Hardy) heard that several acts of rudeness and incivility had been shown Commodore Hardy by some foolish ladies, she was very indignant, and so resented it that (by Mrs. Stuart) she sent a message to him to tell him how different were her feelings—that had her baby been a boy she had intended to name it for him. To this message the Commodore replied: "Say to Mrs. Thatcher that I shall be equally gratified and complimented to have the child named for my wife—Eloise Hardy." So thus it came to pass that our Connecticut poetess was given her name.

EXTRACTS FROM A NOTE WITH WHICH
THE ALBUM WAS PRESENTED.

I N presenting this book to you, Miss Eloise, I am making a singular gift; but as all things, within my bestowal, are, as compared with the rich and rare offerings I have received at your hands, but mere *blanks*, I trust I will be excused for again trespassing on your generosity in asking the favor of acceptance of *this*. For no intrinsic value in itself do I present it, but I would do honor to myself by having something in your possession which may entwine a single recollection of the giver with the teeming thoughts and fertile fancies with which your own poetic genius will soon adorn these pages. In dedicating them to your luxuriant muse, I esteem it my highest happiness to proffer the simple casket for the reception of your dazzling gems; I feel myself the fortunate Ganymede to hold the crystal goblet to contain the sparkling wine; and mine is the exceeding joy to open the spotless tablet to the "thoughts that breathe" and "words that burn." * * *

But why should I dwell on each of the kaleidoscopic beauties which will dwell on these pages? Why separate each sparkling gem of the crystal rock, so brilliant in its lustre and so perfect in its hues? And why analyse your varied verse—its glowing imagery, its rapturous thought, its flowing grace, its dreamy diction, its melting harmony, and its ineffable sweetness? Your scintillant wit, polished epigram, vivid imagination, and o'erflowing enthusiasm show the movings of the mighty spirit of Poetry—the noblest, purest, and most transcendent of mortals' gifts. It is a power from the gods; the day spring from on high; and its torch was lit in heaven. To you, then, I dedicate this spotless temple for the pure worship of the Goddess of Poetry—the Divinity of Earth, and Heir of Immortality. All hail, with one acclaim, the new Priestess of Parnassus: Euterpe's lyre sounds high her praise; and Apollo's court doth ratify the decree. The rapid pulse, the flushed cheek, the throbbing heart, and the expanding soul proclaim her advent to the golden throne, and all, in breathless silence, await the divine oracles of her lips.



A Voice from the Past

MY FANCY'S WANDERINGS.

Addressed to the giver of this book as a slight return for his most beautiful dedication, from which the writer derived the ideas she has attempted to express poetically, and to him she feels indebted for whatever merit they may possess.

Oh! when to this much valued book
In after years I turn mine eye,
Let me with grateful feelings look
On thy last proof of Memory!
And would I had the glowing soul,
Imagination's vivid fire—
Thy gen'rous tribute I'd extol,
And sweetly sound Apollo's lyre!
For safe enshrin'd in Mem'ry's urn
Lie "thoughts that breathe" and "words that burn."

But 'tis not mine, with simple art,
And untaught muse, to fitly write
The varied feelings of my heart,
Upon this pure and "virgin white";
Yet not a thought thou might'st not know,
And not a word thou'd blush to see,
Shall ever o'er these pages flow,
To stain their spotless purity.
From thy bright off'ring, then, I learn
Some "thoughts that breathe," and "words that burn."

I've stood beneath a stormy sky,
And watched the lightning's fitful flash;
And oft resounding—deep, and high—
Have heard the thunder's fearful crash.
I've felt the tempest, in its might,
And heard the angry breakers roar,
As in their fierce and furious fight
They madly lash the rock-bound shore.
From storm, and wind, and wave, I learn
Some "thoughts that breathe," and "words that burn."

I've stood upon the cataract's verge,
And look'd into the gulf below;
Where foaming wave, and boiling surge,
In one vast, eddying whirlpool, flow
I've lean'd far o'er the shelving rock,
With trembling awe, and nervous dread;
and heard the rush, the roar, the shock,
With which it sought its stony bed.
And e'en from its fury, could I learn
Some "thoughts that breathe," and "words that burn."

Beneath old, venerable trees,
I've rested from the noonday sun;
List'ning the busy hum of bees,
And "streams rejoicing as they run."
I've climbed the mountain's rugged height
When slowly sank the orb of day,
And in its rays, like amber bright,
Each tree and flower reflected lay.
And from their light and shade, I learn
Some "thoughts that breathe," and "words that burn."

I've gazed upon the morning's sky,
Bright with Aurora's rosy blush;
And gorgeous sunset's Tyrian dye,
And twilight's calm and holy hush;
I've watched the twilight fade away—
And mark'd the glittering star of even,
When first pale Luna's silver ray
Illumes the azure arch of Heaven.
From each and all of these I learn
Some "thoughts that breathe," and "words that burn."

Oft in the charmed moonlight hour,
When "tricky spirits" trip the green,
And in her fragrant rose-leaf bower,
Titania reigns—a fairy queen!
I've visited each planet fair,
And mounted each ethereal cloud,
And with the spirits of the air,
The glorious galaxy I've rode.
From spirit, moon, and cloud, I learn
Some "thoughts that breathe," and "words that burn."

And in the still and solemn night,
I've pierced high Heaven's celestial dome,
Studded with stars of golden light—
Each star, a spotless Seraph's home!
I've roamed where Ursa-Major dwells,
And bold Orion sets his seal;
Heard what the bright Pleiades tell,
And what the countless stars reveal.
And from their glitt'ring rays I learn
Some "thoughts that breathe," and "words that burn."

When all around were sunk in sleep
I've laid me on a restless bed,
Only to count long hours, and weep,
With throbbing heart, and aching head.
Beside some gently murmur'ing stream
I've woo'd sweet slumber—but in vain;
Alas! it prov'd a painful dream!
The coinage of a fever'd brain,
Whose "fancy's wanderings" would yearn
For "thoughts that breathe," and "words that burn."

I've listn'd to Love's thrilling tone,
Utter'd in whispers soft and low;
That in a spirit like its own
Makes pulse to pulse responsive flow!
And though my heart did wildly beat,
And tho' my spirit felt the flame,
I listn'd to those whispers sweet—
Yet from my lips no utterance came,
Unless it was to quickly spurn
The "thoughts that breathe," and "words that burn."

And I've been cheer'd by Friendship's ray,
That feeling, which exerts its power
To guide us on Life's thorny way,
And soothe Affliction's darkest hour!
And tho' we may not always trust
The flatt'ring tongue, by art refin'd—
Yet even then, when comes the worst,
There are some good, and true, and kind.
To such a friend I now return
These "thoughts that breathe," and "words that burn."

Written while crossing the Alleghenies.

November, 1840.

SPRING.

Written after gathering flowers at "Adena." March, 1841.

Bright Spring has come! bright, joyous Spring!
Cold winter's garb aside I fling —
And cheerfully thy praises sing,
And gladly welcome thee!

Thou com'st in glory! like the sun,
When bursting from a stormy cloud!
Thou stealest softly! like the calm
That follows thunder long and loud!
Thou com'st in beauty—like the rose
When the soft west wind gently blows,
And all its opening leaves disclose
Their sweet perfume to me!

Sweet Spring! I love thy balmy breath—
I love thy animating voice—
It bringeth life, where once was death,
And maketh all things to rejoice.
At thy approach, the icy chain
That bound the mountain and the plain
Is all dissolved—and once again
Nature looks forth rejoicingly!

Plenty, and peace, are thine to give!
Thou visitest the humblest cot—
And all things that on earth do live
Thou, in thy smile, forgettest not.

The landscape robed in verdant green—
 The sparkling waters' silver sheen—
 Acknowledge thee bright Nature's queen,
 And pay their homage joyously.

Oh sweet it is in spring's joyous hours,
 To wander o'er each beauteous scene—
 And cull her freshest, fairest flowers,
 Just bursting from their leaves of green.
 To watch each opening bud display
 Its beauties, 'neath the sun's bright ray,
 Till tinged with color rich and gay,
 It blooms for love of thee!

To sit in fragrant, vine-clad bowers,
 And list the warbling of the birds;
 Or read the language of the flowers,
 That needeth not the power of words.
 Each hath a meaning—each a spell—
 On sunny bank—in shady dell—
 From tulips rich to sweet blue-bell—
 All have a voice for me.

'Twas on Spring's brightest, loveliest day,
 In sweet "Adena's" garden walks—
 I gather'd me a fresh boquet,
 And as I bound their slender stalks,
 The blossoms a rich perfume shed—
 And while their language thus I read,
 Just what these simple flowers said
 That will I tell to thee.

The "Crocus," herald of the Spring!
 With sunny smiles, dispelling sadness—
 Is Flora's maiden offering;
 And well she calls it "youthful gladness."
 The "Rainbow Iris"—next in sight,
 With tints of gold and purple light,
 Edging its leaves of snowy white,
 Says, "I've a message for thee!"

Sweet flower! what token dost thou breathe?
 Twining around thy lowly stem,
 I see the unfading "myrtle-wreath"—
 Fain would I wear the diadem!
 "Love's token," is the "myrtle-bough,"
 Young maiden, bind it on thy brow,
 And with it take the "lover's vow,"
 The "Box" that whispers "Constancy."

And seek thou then the mossy dell,
 And in the deepest, lowliest spot—
 Thou'lt find the "Violet," whose sweet spell
 Is "Heartsease" and "Forget-me-not"!

I gather'd the sweet violet—
With morning dew its leaves were wet;
To cherish it, I'll ne'er forget—
For what it said to me.

The "Polyanthus" ever bright,
Doth "Confidence" and "Truth" impart;
The sweet "Anemone" sheds light—
The light of "Hope" on every heart."
One more I twine—it is my last;
'Tis evergreen, when flowers are past!
And firm, amid the wintry blast—
The "Arbor-vitæ" "Lives for thee"!

Oh! oft in sad and lonely hours,
When tears are springing to mine eyes;
I'll think of sweet Adena's flowers,
Bright summer spots, in wintry skies.
And tho' I never more may meet
The kindly hearts, that sprang to greet
The stranger's form, with welcome sweet;
Yet in my memory!

Tho' Time, with cold, unsparing hand,
Shall cause long years to wing their flight;
Enshrin'd shall be this stranger-land—
With all its recollections bright.
Farewell Scioto's lovely vale!
Each well-remembered hill and dale!
Farewell, kind friends! and may the gale
That wafts me far from thee—

Over the mountain's winding track,
Across the waters wide to roam—
With Heaven's blessing, bear me back
To that lov'd spot—my own sweet home.
Home! there is magic in the word!
The blithest "carol of a bird";
"The sweetest sound ear ever heard,"
Is far less sweet to me!

For father, mother, sisters dear—
And warm, true-hearted friends are mine—
And while I shed the joyous tear
Oh! many a thought shall yet be thine.
Farewell!

ALPHABET OF ANGELS.

"I have often thought that flowers were the alphabet of angels, whereby they write on hills and fields mysterious truths." Published in New London *Telegram*.

They're the language of angels in heav'n above—
Spreading o'er the earth with a voice of love,

Mysterious truths, on the fields and hills;
By the clear blue streams, and the mountain rills.
They're the language of love in Eastern lands,
From "the gardens of Gul" to the desert sands;
They are thrown by the maid from her lattice high,
When danger appals, and her lover is nigh.
Look at the hero who battle has won—
His brow is entwined with the laurel crown!
Look at the grave where beauty sleeps—
O'er it the mourning cypress weeps!
Look at the bride so young and fair—
The jasmine is wreathed in her shining hair!
Look at the infant whom death doth clasp—
It holds the white rose in its icy grasp!
When the glow of life is exchang'd for the tomb,
In Nature's freshness they live and bloom;
Each flower that springs from the mouldering sod
Is an angel voice from the throne of God.
They have songs of praise in the dewy morn,
When their fragrant breath o'er the earth is borne;
They have voices of glee in the sunny day,
When the summer winds through their young leaves play;
They are folded in sleep, in the hush of night;
And their dreams are written by angels of light.
Ye've the language of angels, ye summer flowers!
Ye deck the earth in its sunny hours!
Ye tell us in Autumn of Life's decay,
When your delicate blossoms fade away.
Ye have solemn tones in the wintry gloom—
Your language is written on Earth's cold tomb.
Ye come in Spring, with a gladsome voice;
In its joyous notes will the earth rejoice.
Ye are written by angels! Mysterious truth!
For the brow of the aged, the cheek of youth.
A heavenly warning to sinful earth,
That it pause and think—in its heedless mirth.
On the sunny fields—on the tree-crown'd hills—
By the free blue streams, and the sparkling rills;
In the caves of earth, and the clefts of the rock
That is rent in twain by the thunder-shock;
In the lonely forest, and tangled dell—
All Nature is fill'd with your magic spell!
In clusters ye hang from majestic trees,
As their branches move in the gentle breeze;
Teaching a lesson of artless grace
To many a fair and beautiful face.
The ivy that clings to the manly oak,
Nor loosens its hold for the lightning's stroke,
Is a symbol of woman's trusting love—
Written by angels, in heaven above.
Sweet Alpine flowers, by the mountain side,
Ye bloom where the weary wanderer died,
With no friend his parching lips to lave—
In silence ye write—'tis a stranger's grave!
Ye dwell on the cliffs of "upper air"—

And angels have written your destiny there!
In eternal snows—where no man hath trod—
Ye were planted, and live—by the hand of God!
They're the language of angels—whereby they write
With their mingled hues of heavenly light;
On each beautiful bud, and pencil'd flower,
The glory of God, His wisdom and power.
With many a good and beautiful thought;
With innocence pure—are their bright leaves fraught;
They're the sinless dwellers of sinful earth,
Nor crime, nor sorrow, e'er stained their birth.
Oh, then it is meet, in Life's passing hours,
To study the language of flowers, bright flowers!

November, 1841.

TO THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Written after witnessing an exhibition of this mysterious visitor,
attended with unusual splendor and sublimity—in the winter of 1842.
New London.

Oh, tell me, thou being of beauty bright,
Arrayed in thy robe of rainbow light,
Art thou a spirit of heavenly form,
Kissed by the sun into being warm?
Born of the glowing and gorgeous dyes
Of purple and gold in Southern skies?
At thy birth did gentle zephyrs breathe
And summer flowers their beauties wreath;
Cam'st thou from a heavenly palace down,
And did the moonbeams stoop thy brow to crown?

Oh no! thou art not the sunbeam's child,
Nor owest thy birth to the moonbeams mild;
The flowers of summer, tho' sweet, were brief—
They chang'd to the autumn's faded leaf;
At thy birth no gentle zephyr smiled—
But the winter's wind was wailing wild!
Thy form, though bright, was ne'er breathed upon
By the glowing warmth of a Southern sun.
Yet, light of the North! thou art more sublime—
The child of a cold and cloudless clime!
What art thou? whence came thou? where dost thou dwell?
Being of mystery! None can tell.

When the sun's last golden glow has fled,
And Day in the grave of Night is dead;
When the holy stars arise—to keep
Their watch in the blue and boundless deep—
When the spangled heavens are coldly bright,
Thou dost come, fair child of the pale North light!
Thou spreadest a soft and rosy blush
O'er the earth's cold cheek in the evening's hush;
And hill and valley—and lake and stream—
In the glowing light of thy glances gleam.

The brightest gems and flowers of earth
 In thee must surely have their birth,
 And Nature has mingled her brilliant dyes
 With the melting blue of celestial skies.

And now, as I gaze on the lines of light
 That are tracing yon sky with glory bright—
 And now as their glowing hues unfold
 A beauty of more than mortal mould—
 Thou seem'st a spirit to whom is given
 The beauty of earth! and the glory of Heaven!

In the folds of thy rainbow-robe is seen
 The emerald's bright and changeless green;
 The amethyst on thy brow is set—
 And stars are thy heavenly coronet!
 Thou hast glowing rubies, and pearls of light
 To deck thy form of radiance bright;
 Thy zone is of topaz, with golden hue;
 And the diamond sparkling in sapphire blue.
 Thy tapering fingers of rosy light
 Are circled with glittering gems of night;
 And of golden stars, and the silvery moon,
 Are the clasps that fasten thy "sandal shoon."

Brilliant! and cold! as the brightest gem
 That sparkles on jewelled diadem!
 Graceful in motion—of beauty rare—
 Mysterious being! thy birthplace—where?
 Child of the regions of boundless space,
 Being of mystery! leav'st thou no trace?
 Who art thou? whence came thou? where dost thou dwell?
 He that made thee—*He only* can tell!

God's glory, and love, and wisdom, and power,
 Are in part revealed, as our earthly dower;
 But never, to mortal mind is given
 All the deep mystery of Heaven!
 When the pure spirit freed from earth,
 And plumed with wings of heavenly birth,
 Shall pass the portals of Paradise,
 To dwell in the high and holy skies—
 Then shall it roam through boundless space,
 And see God's glory face to face;
 Then shall it grasp the heavenly key,
 And there shall be no more mystery.

A SPIRIT AM I.

A spirit am I!
 I dwell in the flowers
 And revel where the sunbeams
 Deck summer's gay bowers,
 I bathe in the dew

On the fresh-blooming roses,
And breathe the perfume
The zephyr discloses.

I seek the dark dell
Where the violet is sleeping,
And in its lone shade
My watch I am keeping—
With the wild bee I sip
The sweet bloom of the clover,
And free as the wind
I roam the world over.

I'm on the curl'd cloud
When the heavens are smiling,
And the sun looks on earth
So softly beguiling—
On the wing of the blast
When stormwinds are howling,
And leaden-faced skies
Look angry and scowling.

I faint not with fear,
I start not with wonder,
When from out the black cloud
Comes the low mutter'd thunder—
When fitful and fierce
The red lightning flashes,
And on the lone shore
The wild breaker dashes.

Where the feathery foam
Its snow-crest is wreathing—
Through rosy-lipped shells
Ocean's music I'm breathing.
With the sea nymphs I sport
In the coral-hung chamber,
And deck my light form
With the pearl and the amber.

Then gaily I glide
Through the depths of the ocean;
Like its billowy tide
I am ever in motion—
I guide the light bark
Where the free waves are flowing,
And o'er the bright waters
Soft breezes are blowing.

I hie to the woodlands
Where long branches weaving,
Kiss the silvery lake
Their glossy leaves laving—
Where Nature's true children,
The wild flowers, are springing;
And birds of the greenwood
Sweet carols are singing.

Where through the soft shade
The sunlight is glancing;
And bright golden gleams
On the velvet turf dancing;
There happy am I!
In that peace-loving wild wood—
And light is my heart,
As a girl's in her childhood.

When the leaves murmur low
By night-breezes shaken,
And wood nymph and fay
From their soft sleep awaken,
And when the pale moon
Serenely from heaven
Illumes with pure light
The dark shadowy even;

Then with the green ivy
I climb the lone ruin,
Its mouldering walls
With verdant life strewing;
We twist and we twine,
Creeping up the old tower,
Where Time's ancient finger
Still points every hour!

I linger in thought
In that eyrie so lonely,
With no living thing
But the green ivy only—
The earth far beneath,
The sky bending o'er me,
The dim past behind,
Dark future before me.

I visit the dead
In their quiet homes sleeping,
Below that old church
Where the ivy is creeping;
And sadly I weep
O'er each dear one departed,
So dreamless their sleep
Who once were warm-hearted.

I find the fresh grave
Where childhood reposes,
And silently strew it
With sweet thornless roses.
I droop o'er the maiden,
The lone weeping-willow,
With Faith for her shroud
And Love was her pillow.

Over manhood's proud form
The laurel I've planted,
Through life, and in death,
A hero undaunted!
I smooth the rough earth—
On the breast of the aged,
For soft be their rest
Who long warfare have waged.

I joy o'er the dead!
For them there is dawning
A day, brighter far
Than beams of the morning.
To each mossy mound
Is a sacred cross given—
'Twas planted on earth,
But it reaches to Heaven!

I turn from the dead
To the living and moving—
Amid the gay world
Some hating—some loving—
I come—and I go—
None knoweth—none careth—
The heart's joy is mine,
Its sorrow—mine shareth.

A spirit am I!
"Unseen, but all seeing"—
In Fancy's wide realm
Is my light, airy being.
A spirit am I!
And Time cannot sever
My unfettered thought—
I'm a spirit forever!

Earth's pilgrimage ends
At Death's icy portal;
But the spirit ascends,
For the mind is immortal.

1845.

THE WRECK OF THE "ATLANTIC."

Off Fishers Island, Nov. 27, 1846.

Wild was the night—the waves ran high,
No beacon-star shone from the sky,
No moonlight's cheering ray;
Upon that dark and dreadful night
As struggling with the tempest's might,
Rocked by the billows fearfully.
The noble steamer lay!

Her home was on the waters wide;
Full oft she'd braved the raging tide,
And once again, in all her pride,
 She sought her onward way.
But once again! ah! never more,
With all the precious freight she bore,
On her oft-tried yet pathless track
Will that ill-fated boat come back!
For fiercer, harder, rose the gale,
And many a hope-flushed cheek grew pale—
And manhood's voice, and woman's wail,
 Floated upon the wind;
And many contrite souls were there,
And many an earnest, fervent prayer,
 From hearts subdued, resigned.
That fearful night was o'er at last!
Oh, with what feelings was it passed?
And 'neath the morning sun
That smiled upon the treacherous wave—
Destin'd, alas! to be her grave,
 She drifted, drifted on!
No human arm could stay her course—
No might oppose the tempest's force,
 But thine—Almighty power!
Oh God! 'twere not thy sov'reign will
To bid the angry sea "be still!"
 In that tempestuous hour.
Borne in the hollow of thy hand,
The wind and waves are thy command—
Thy stern decree, O righteous Lord!
Sent these dread messengers abroad,
 And bade the tempest lower.
A long, long day; another night!
No bright hope cheer'd the straining sight,
And when the darkness closed around,
Nought save the wild waves' booming sound,
Clearing her decks with mighty bound,
 In that dread hour was heard!
Pale lips were moved in silent prayer—
Nor shrieks or woe, nor wild despair,
Went upward through the midnight air,
 Nor voice, nor spoken word.
Onward, through boiling surges borne,
She hears the rocks! She strikes! She's gone!
 Oh! hour of agony!
That once proud vessel now a wreck—
A hundred brave forms on her deck—
Men strong of nerve, and stout of heart,
 Had gather'd there to die!
Some who had passed a weary life,
Toiling with busy, ceaseless strife,
 For honor or for gain;
Called suddenly from life to part,
 Honor and wealth were vain.
And some whose birthright was the sea—

Ever their wild delight to be
"Borne onward, like its bubbles" free;
They braved its terrors manfully!
And some who at their country's call,
'Mid cannon's roar, and rattling ball,
Would in the hour of battle fall,
And meet death fearlessly!
And some were holy men of prayer—
And loving hearts were parted there—
And gentle forms that ever weep
At the wild terrors of the deep;
Found on that night their silent graves
Beneath the ever-restless waves.
Not all were lost, for o'er the sea
In that last hour of agony,
Jesus! thine arm was stretch'd to save
In mercy from a watery grave.
Blest be each prayer of grateful love
Wafted to thy high throne above
From those who humbly knelt to pay
Thanksgiving on thy sacred day!
That stately bark was all a wreck—
But far above her shatter'd deck,
A-swinging to and fro—
A solemn bell, with mournful knell,
Sent forth its notes of woe.
Erect and calm, amid the storm,
Stood on that deck a noble form,
That mov'd not—falter'd not!
With stern resolve he kept his post
Upon that fearful spot;
And then, when every hope was lost,
Amid its ruins, tempest toss'd—
That manly breast was hush'd to sleep
By the rude rockings of the deep.
And still upon that mighty wreck,
And high upon that wave-wash'd deck,
A-swinging to and fro—
The solemn bell, with mournful knell,
Sends forth its notes of woe!
No fitter dirge for *him*, or *them*,
Than that sad, solemn requiem.
"Roll on, thou deep, dark Ocean, roll!"
Vain is the boast of man's control—
A conqueror, thou! and thousands rest
Beneath thy mighty heaving breast.
Roll on, thou deep, dark Ocean, roll,
Till Heaven is gather'd like a scroll;
But yet *not thine* the immortal soul—
Thou shalt give up thy dead, O sea!
To Him who rules eternity.

Sunday evening, November 29, 1846.

A SCENE IN MADEIRA.

Suggested by an incident in the journal of a traveler.

Ye who would bask in Heaven's smile
Come seek Madeira's lovely isle,
The nursling sweet of sunny skies!
For plenty crowns each vine-clad hill,
Thousands of incense-breathing flowers
Her groves with sweetest fragrance fill.
And many a cloud-capped mountain rears
Majestical, its verdant sides;
Through valleys robed in summer's green,
And rich with fruits of golden sheen
Full many a silver streamlet glides.
And many a scene sublimely grand,
And many a spot of simple love,
Throughout this bright and blessed land
Will meet the eye where'er we rove.
Beneath a heaven so brightly blue
With scarce a cloud at morn or eve
All nature wears a sunny hue,
Nor should one sadden'd spirit grieve.
Thus thought I, as I roamed awhile
In fair Madeira's sea-girt isle
Surely in this, earth's loveliest clime
Life swiftly glides unmark'd by time—
Yet blighted is this Eden fair,
For wretchedness, and sin are there!

I left the laughing vine-clad hills
And stood amid a city gay
Within a dim cathedral aisle
Where saint and sinner came to pray,
The pomp of wealth, the robe of pride,
The jewell'd brow of rank was there—
And 'neath the dark veils' graceful flow
Flash'd the bright eyes of beauty fair.
Upon the marble floor they knelt
And mutter'd prayer—but was it felt?
The holy priest absolved from sin!
Was there no mockery within?

Like some bright vision dream'd at night
That pageant vanished from my sight
And I was left alone—save one,
Who knelt upon the altar-stone.
Scarce fourteen years in that sweet isle
Had marked her fragile form of youth—
And where were home and friends the while?
For gone, alas—were love and truth!
The golden glow of sunset skies
Through many a tinted window fell
And column, arch, and marble floor
Seem'd wrought by an enchanter's spell.

It touched with light her brow of snow,
Yet cold as death that fiery glow—
Her heart warmed not to heaven's light,
'Twas steeped in sorrow's darkest night.
With one deep sigh, one plaintive moan,
She sank upon the cold damp stone,
Her hands were clasped in wild despair—
Nor breathed she penitence nor prayer.
So fair a form 'twas rare to see—
And lovely even in misery!
A form so cast in beauty's mould—
The faded mantle's scanty fold,
Scarce hid each outline light and free
Of nature's graceful symmetry.
Soft golden curls in clusters played
Around her forehead's stainless snow,
The long-fringed eyelids drooped to shade
A face, o'er whose pale marble stray'd
The sad and silent tears of woe.
I laid my hand upon her head—
Poor Maiden! gently thus, I said,
Why seemest thou so sorrow-weighed?
Why so o'erfraught with woe?
Behold! a stranger soothes thy grief!
Can I not give thee some relief?

She shrank beneath my pitying gaze
As if she feared I'd read her name
And know her for the thing she was
The child of wretchedness and shame.
And then she raised her drooping head,
And thus, in broken accents said,
Why seekest thou to know?
Stranger! thy kindness I believe,
And yet for me thou mayst not grieve!
She paused—then said with bitter sigh,
Nor kindred, friends, nor home, have I.
Alas! I only care to die!
The very hour that I was born
The hand of calumny and scorn
Was placed on my devoted head—
Oh God! I would that I were dead!
No father gloried in my birth—
No mother on her infant smil'd—
Alone, in all the wide, wide earth;
I soon became an outcast child.
Mine was a sad, and bitter fate,
So soon, so truly desolate!

At early dawn, at fall of day,
I've knelt within this church to pray:
But strangers mocked my anguish wild,
And shunn'd me as a thing defiled;
Oh Mary Mother! take thy child!
Yet Heaven is not for such as I:
And wherefore should I seek to die?

Maiden! I said, lift up thine eyes—
To Heaven where dwells the sacrifice!
Jesus whose precious blood alone
Can for our human guilt atone.
Kneel down in penitence and prayer
Beneath His symbol shining there!
Pray for the heartless ones who left
Thine infancy of love bereft!
Pray for the sinful—who did shun
Thy misery: less sinful one!
Ask of thy God, a pardon free:
And, oh! poor Maiden—pray for me!
The last bright glow of sunset sky
Shed radiance 'round the cross on high:
It linger'd on her forehead fair,
For Love, and Hope, and Faith, were there!
I gazed on her uplifted face,
On it remain'd not sorrow's trace—
The light of all-redeeming grace,
With lustre fill'd those grief-dimm'd eyes
Fixed on the cross of sacrifice:
One single ray of Heaven's light,
Dispell'd the clouds of darkest night.
Humbly she prayed, in accents mild,
Oh Holy Father! Save thy child!
Erring, but yet repentant, even
I dare to hope and trust in Heaven!
I give my life, my soul, to thee
Oh, grant me Lord a pardon free
Saviour! in mercy, and in love,
Oh take me to thy home above!
So gently her young spirit fled,
And mingled with the early dead.
In far Madeira's sea-girt isle,
Where fountains play, and sunbeams smile;
'Neath amaranths that never fade
Sleeps peacefully that martyr'd maid.
Around her form so fair, so slight,
I wrapped a veil of snowy white;
One kiss upon her brow I press'd
And laid her in her earthly rest.
No storied marble rears its head
Above her humble grass-grown bed!
A cypress trees' deep shadows' wave
In solemn stillness o'er her grave:
A white cross guards the lowly sod!
The ransom'd spirit rests with God!

New London, July, 1846.

TO A FRIEND ON HER BRIDAL EVE.

Lines to a friend on her bridal eve, in which allusions are made to some of her favorite songs.

A maiden fair, with pensive air,
Leans from her casement high.
Her dark eyes gaze on the silver rays
That stream from the moonlight sky,
Streaking with light the robe of night
As it spreads its ebon fold
Over the earth, while the voice of mirth
In sleep is hushed and cold.
It casts a shade on the flowery glade,
It decks the dew-starred bower;
It lights with love the whispering grove,
In evening's sacred hour.
No sound is heard, no leaf is stirred,
So light is the zephyr's breath.
The sweet bird's rest in its downy nest
Is still as the sleep of death.

And why doth sleep from thine eyelids keep,
Oh, maid of the pensive eye?
And is thy breast with care oppressed?
And wherefore dost thou sigh?
Why dost thou gaze where the moonlight plays
On the darkened earth below?
Then turn thine eyes to the cloudless skies
Where stars of brightness glow?
Thou should'st not grieve on thy bridal eve,
No care should cloud thy brow,
The stars that move in the realm above
Are thy guardian angels now.
The mind is fraught with holy thought
As she sees a radiant star,
In a shining stream like a diamond, gleam
Away in the blue afar.

She deems it an omen of love and light,
Shining away on its pathway bright.
She is happy now on her bridal even,
With radiant hopes as the stars of Heaven.
No more with saddened thoughts opprest,
The gentle maiden sinks to rest,
While through the casement the moonlight streams
And spirits come from the land of dreams.
The nymph of the woods—the sylph of the air—
The naiad of the waves is there.
They weave around her their mystic spell,
And sweetly murmur their sad farewell.

NYMPH OF THE WOODS.

Wilt thou leave us, gentle maiden?
 Wilt thou quit the Mystic Vale?
 Its groves with fragrance laden—
 Its forest, hill and dale—
 The green and tangled wildwood,
 The rosy-clustering bowers
 Where in thy happy childhood
 I've twined thy brow with flowers.
 How oft with thee I've wandered
 In yonder leafy grove,
 When thy young heart has pondered
 The sweet romance of love.
 God grant this be no vision
 Soon, soon to fade away,
 But truest love, elysian,
 That knows not of decay.
 May rosy skies above thee
 Herald tomorrow's dawn,
 Though I, who truly love thee,
 Will weep when thou art gone.
"I'll be sitting on the stile, ladie,"
 To say to thee farewell,
 And my heart will beat the while, lady,
 As tolls a passing knell.
 Thou wilt not heed *"one silent tear"*
 The wood nymph sad will shed—
"Indeed thou may'st be happy here,"
"Sweet lady, do not wed."

NAIAD OF THE WAVES.

"We've wandered by the brookside,
We've wandered by the mill,"
 I've watched thee weeping by the tide
 In evening soft and still.
 Beneath the *"aged oak's"* dark shade
 Thou'st *slumbered peacefully,*
 Nor heard the *pirate's serenade*
 Borne o'er the waves to thee.
 In the *"dances by the fountain,"*
 With the *"feet upon the mountain,"*
 Thy footsteps were the fleetest—
 In the boat upon the billow,
"On the lake where drooped the willow,"
 Thy voice was e'er the sweetest.
"Oh, 'tis not well to leave me,"
 So sadly thou dost grieve me
 I cannot, cannot tell!
 The Naiad of the Water
 Will mourn her fairest daughter.
 Sweet maiden, fare thee well!

SPIRIT OF THE AIR.

Thou hast spoken farewell
To the home of thy childhood,
The sweet Mystic Vale
With its mountain and wildwood.
Thou hast sung thy last song
In the vine-covered bowers,
And twined thy last garland
Of Autumn's bright flowers.
Thou'lt wander no more
By the silver stream flowing,
Nor muse by the lake
'Neath the stars brightly glowing.
Each scene thou hast loved,
Where thy young footsteps bounded—
The voices of mirth, where
Thine own sweetest sounded—

From all wilt thou part in joy, not in sorrow—
Oh! light be thy heart on thy bridal tomorrow.
And now in that home at morn and at even,
When swells the glad song of thanksgiving to Heaven,
One voice will be mute, one sweet song unspoken,
One string of the lute, one silver chord broken.
Thy place at the board—thy seat by the fire—
The duties of love to thy fond-hearted sire—
Thy sisters so dear, thy kind, loving brothers,
Thou'rt leaving them all, for thy heart is another's!
Oh, truly and well may he cherish and love thee—
May Hope's sunny spell shine ever above thee!
May Memory's chain thrown brightly around thee,
Oft bring thee again to the home where he found thee,
And when comes the spring with its sunshine and flowers
Again may'st thou sing in thine own woodland bowers.
From thy casement again in the soft hours of even
May'st thou gaze on the stars shining ever in Heaven.
Through the whispering grove, the lake and the river,
Again may'st thou rove as joyous as ever.
Thou hast listened the spell of the woodland and water
They have whispered farewell to their loveliest daughter,
But with thee I'll go through joy and through sorrow,
And fan with bright wings every cloud from tomorrow.

A FISH STORY.

First, "*catch your fish*"!

"Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified."

A sentimental gentleman
For pastime went one day,

To the margin of a gentle stream
To while an hour away.
He dropped his *bait*, and *fishing-hook*
Down, down into the stream—
And gazing on the azure sky
He whistled "Love's young dream."
"Music hath charms," the poet said,
So said our angler too—
As he look'd from the blue sky o'erhead,
Down to the waters blue.
And surely o'er the *fishy race*
Love holds a potent spell;
For Venus from the snowy foam
Came forth—an ocean-belle!
He thought that every kind of fish
Was swimming thereabout—
Blackfish and *bluefish*, *bony fish*,
Flat fish and *wiley trout*!
And deeming curiosity
Would bring them there to look,
He hoped at least to catch one fish
Upon his baited hook.
So far down in the azure deep
Went many an ardent wish,
And where the gentle sea-nymphs sleep
He bobbed in vain for fish!
But music's charm had lost its power,
And even *love's young dream*—
And tho' he waited for many an hour
Beneath the sunny beam;
And tho' he *fished* up stream and down,
From early dawn till late—
And ever and anon he threw
His *line*, his *hook*, his *bait*—
Yet no luck had this fisherman—
"Tis very strange," quoth he,
"*That not one silly fish will bite*—
There's plenty in the sea!
I'll try them on another tack—
My bait is poor and old;
I'll give them what none e'er withstood,
A nibble at the gold."
He knew the charm of fashion, power,
Honor, and wealth, and fame;
He knew that many a silly fish
Was dazzled by a *name*.
He therefore wrought his line anew—
'Twas strung with jewels rare;
A *silver hook* and *golden bait*!
What could withstand the snare?
And now he dropped his jeweled line
Again into the stream;
Again invoked the muses nine,
And whistled *love's young dream*—
Still deeper sank the golden bait,
With all his strength he drew—

'Twas vain, alas! a charmed weight
Held line, and fisher too!
Then fiercely rolled his frenzied eye,
His head went whirling 'round;
An evil spirit chained his feet,
For that was haunted ground.
Meanwhile the sun went slowly down,
Night settled o'er the scene,
And threw its shade of sombre brown
O'er hill and valley green.
The stars from their high homes looked down
Upon the waters wide—
And only through the gloom was heard
The rippling of the tide.
Then sprites and sea-nymphs circled 'round
With many a gambol gay—
And o'er the luckless fisherman
They threw the briny spray.
It crusted him from top to toe—
It glazed his frenzied eye;
His arms, like fins, on either side,
Stood out against the sky.
The fishy tribes all came in shoals
To view this luckless wight—
And fearless now of *hook and bait*
They each one *took a bite*—
The eel entwin'd his snaky fold,
The swordfish pricked him sore—
His nose and ears were fiercely pulled
By a huge lobster claw.
Meanwhile, the victory was won,
And weary of their slaughter,
The "*biter bit*" was over-done—
A *dun "fish out of water."*
To *fishermen of every sort*
This fabled rhyme applies—
But most to him who, *angling deep,*
Seems certain of the prise—
He whose whole mind on fishing's bent
May have the luckless fate
To prove a silly fish himself—
Ensnared by his own bait.

OLD BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

An old bachelor's soliloquy on his sixtieth birthday.
"I with the morning's love have oft made sport."
Dedicated to "the gay and gallant 3rd," U. S. A.

With my life idly wasted, oh! what am I now!
When old age has wrinkled my once youthful brow.
My few hairs are scatter'd—the thin locks are grey—
And Time is fast stealing the remnant away.

I must have a thick nightcap to warm my cold head,
 And a new pair of specs—for my eyesight has fled.
 But I never did look with *the pure light of truth*
 On the happy, the innocent, sweet face of youth,
 And when (to deceive them) the girls I would court,
 With the young morning's love I made sport, I made sport.

When an officer gay—with a gold epaulette—
 I humbled the pride of each heartless coquette.
 From tying the shoe, to arranging the shawl,
I courted, I flirted, I jilted them all.
 Though I ne'er spoke of love, yet so soft was my tone,
 That each fond, artless maiden believed me her own—
 Friendship's garb I assum'd, and all who believed
 Were once in their lives most surely deceived.
 And when with my falsehood, their truth I had bought,
 With their young morning's love I made sport, I made sport.

How changed is the picture! no more I'm caress'd,
 No more by the bright smile of beauty I'm bless'd,
 Unloved, and unfriended, a bachelor—I
 Am cared for by no one—unmourn'd must I die!
 With a cough I am racked, with pain I am worn,
 My appetite's poor, and my teeth are all gone,
 I'm deaf as an adder, and cross with the gout,
 And so lame that with crutches I scarce limp about.
 Alas! my own folly these evils have brought!
 With the young morning's love I made sport, I made sport.

Now back on my heart all my follies are cast,
 And with sad, bitter anguish I weep o'er the past.
 Every gift I bestow'd—each light word I've spoken—
 The false vows I've utter'd—the hearts I have broken!
 I have no one to cheer me, no smile to illumine
 With its brightness, my lonely and comfortless room—
 No soft, gentle hand bathes my feverish brow,
 I have never loved any—*no one loves me now!*
 Oh, sad retrospection! with wretchedness fraught,
 That with young morning's love I made sport, I made sport.

I turn to my mirror—and what see I there
 But a shrivel'd-up face, and a lock of grey hair.
 A mouth—oh, how toothless! and features—how wan!
 And a form—more resembling an ape than a man.
 I am shaken with palsy, and pinched with the cold.
 I must take to my bed! for I'm old—*very old!*
 With no ministering angel my sick couch to bless,
 No one to caress me—none I may caress—
 In the downhill of life, too late comes the thought
 That with young morning's love I made sport, I made sport.

VALENTINES.

Lines to a canary bird. Written for my sister Julia. St. Valentine's Day, 1843.

Sing on, and sing ever, thou beautiful bird!
Thy voice is the sweetest mine ear ever heard;
Thou wilt cheer me in sadness—and sure 'tis no wrong
If my heart should be light with thy musical song.

In thy gay, gilded prison, sweet warbler, thou came;
Unannounced—unexpected—not even a name
By which I may call thee, and teach thee to know
The hand that will feed thee, and cherish thee so!

Sing on, thou sweet songster! Sing once and again;
Sing on—and sing ever—thy sweet syren strain,
Though nameless, not friendless—for now thou art mine,
And thou shalt be only, my sweet Valentine!

TO MISS ———.

Today Sir Cupid holds his court!
The little rogue with mischief fraught,
Has bent his bow with practised art
To pierce each lovely maiden's heart.
Sweet maiden! love has eagle eyes—
Thy heart is now the destin'd prize—
While I the mandate proudly bear
To thee—the fairest of the fair.
By beauty—youth—and sweetness led—
Swift from the court of Love I've sped,
To lay this offering at thy shrine
My sweet, my gentle Valentine.

February 14, 1843.

TO ———.

Written for Lt. Smith.

Dear lady, may this wafted be
By gentle breezes o'er the sea;
And if in midnight's witching hour,
Beneath sweet slumber's soothing power,
You seek the quiet land of dreams—
And fancy comes, with sunny gleams—
Dear lady, let that fancy stray
To one who loves thee, far away!
If in the still, unclouded night,
Beneath the moonbeam's silvery light;
In sweet companionship you rove,
And list perchance, the voice of love—
Back to the past—with memory fraught—

Dear lady, cast one kindly thought,
 And still may gentle breezes bear
 My first, my last, my only prayer,
 Whate'er my lot in life may be—
 To dwell in thy sweet memory!

February 14, 1843.

TO MISS JULIA H. THATCHER.

Written for Lt. Smith.

Oh! well I love thee, lady fair!
 Thy cheeks are like the roses bright;
 Like raven's wing, thy glossy hair,
 And sparkling are thine eyes of light.
 Oh! well I love thee, lady mine!
 But that thou knowest well, I ween;
 And thou alone shalt ever shine
 Supreme o'er all, my bosom's queen!
 Oh! well I love thee, lady sweet;
 And I would count it worth the while
 To kneel a suitor at thy feet—
 For one bright glance, for one sweet smile.
 Oh! well I love thee, beauteous maid—
 One thought, one wish, one hope is mine;
 To thee I've highest homage paid,
 Now, and for aye, thy valentine.

February 14, 1843.

"SOME CUPID KILLS WITH ARROWS."

To Miss M——. Written for Lt. Smith.

Oh! canst thou see my bleeding heart
 Pierced through by Cupid's cruel dart;
 And yet, dear lady, turn away
 From all that love would bid me say?
 Oh! canst thou see the life-blood stream,
 And count my love *an idle dream*,
 When even on the arrow's head
 Thy name is stamped in colors red.
 Oh! do not sunder Cupid's chain!
 Oh! do not bid me plead in vain!
 For you, dear lady, you alone,
 Of all that I have ever known,
 Can read my heart, and hold the key
 Of Love, and Truth, and Constancy.
 That time-worn saying "Love is blind"

Sprung from an error of the mind—
And love now claims the *modern* art
To look *directly through the heart*.
Gently, dear lady, place the key
Close to my heart, and you will see
That Cupid's shaft, more blood to shed,
Is pointed with a *double head*.
Then from my torn and bleeding heart
Oh! gently draw the fatal dart!
For that alone can heal the wound
And cause my heart with joy too bound.
If thus the task you'll set about
And "love me, you will find me out"!

February 14, 1843.

TO MISS ———.

Written for Lt. Smith.

Have pity on me, oh ye vine,
And aid me in my Valentine!
Attend, ye muses, one and all,
To a despairing lover's call!
For ne'er was bashful wooer yet
By doubt and fear so sore beset.
A youthful knight of twenty-one,
"The course of true love" just begun—
Doom'd to contend against the might
Of older soldiers in the fight;
I cannot wield my grey goose-quill
With all an old campaigner's skill.
Yet have I studied well each flower
That blooms beneath the sylvan bower;
Full oft I've read the poet's lay
Of ladylove, and beauty gay;
In vain I've tried to find relief
On "*Julia's*" wild, romantic "cliff"—
And sought to wield the lover's pen
In "*Mary's*" sweetly-shaded "glen."
Vain each appeal—and vain each charm—
Despairing love could find no balm!
And surely it were hard to bear
Such heartfelt anguish of despair—
Did not one gentle bosom glow
With feelings for another's woe!
Did not one fair and gen'rous friend
Her kindly aid to me extend.
And now by all the powers above
That feed and minister to Love—
By your bright eyes—your beauty rare—
Your graceful curls of raven hair—
Your pearly teeth—and ruby lips—
Where Love's sweet nectar Cupid sips!
By all that's good in earth or sea—

I swear, Miss —— truth to thee.
 Nor *cliff*, nor *glen*, nor *bower*, nor *lay*
 Shall tempt my heart from thee to stray.
True love should never wish to roam—
The course of mine is nearer home.
 Its every thought, dear girl, is thine,
 And I am thy true "*Valentine*."

February 14, 1843.

TO MISS F.

A burlesque.

Miss Fanny, you are passing fair,
 The queen of youth and beauty!
 Oh, listen to a *soldier's* prayer
 Of hope, of love, and duty.
 O Hope—which quickens every pulse—
 Which sets the heart in motion—
 And makes it beat *just like a ship*
Upon a stormy ocean!
 Of *Love* which in that beating heart
 Is burning, deep yet tender;
 Just like *the hot and glowing coals*
That burn behind the fender!
 I left my room and cheerful fire
 When midnight bells were chiming—
 To pace my solitary round,
 And keep my thoughts a-rhyming.
 For hours upon the frozen ground
 I woo'd the heavenly muses,
 Through all that cold and bitter night
 Without my boots and *shoeses!*
 And as for you *I froze my feet—*
 Oh, pardon this, my boldness,
 And do not freeze my loving heart,
 Miss Fanny! by your coldness!

February 14, 1843.

TO MISS ELLEN.

Written for Lt. T.

A stranger I! Unknown to fame!
 Yet not unhonored is my name—
 And though I boast not wealth, nor power,
 Better than these, in sorrow's hour—
 I have a heart as warm and true,
 Fair girl, as ever beat for you!
You need not wealth—and you would scorn
 A love that is so basely born—
 Yet had I mines of wealth untold,
 I'd weave a chain of finest gold;

And in each link a diamond bright
 Should sparkle as the stars of night.
 I'd weave that chain, fair girl, for thee!
 Though each bright link should fetter me
 I'd kneel within "the glittering band
 And lay the clasp on Ellen's hand"!

February 14, 1846.

TO ———.

When in the moonlight musing
 I sit me down awhile—
 At will my subject choosing,
 I think of thee—*Carlisle!*

When in my hours of leisure
 The time I would beguile—
 I know no greater pleasure
 Than to peruse *Carlyle!*

A "hero" he, as "poet"!
 The muses on him smile—
 And when he sings—*you know it*
 Is the music of *Carlisle!*

February 14, 1843.

TO RODOLPH CRITTENDEN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Written for E.

Up! rouse thee, young "Rodolph"! thou brave knight, come forth!
 There dwells in the greenwood a Maid of the North,
 With a blush on her cheek, and a beam in her eye,
 And a heart that beats quickly when "Rodolph" is nigh.
 She is sitting alone in her sweet sylvan bower—
 And thus museth she in the soft twilight hour:
 Oh, many a true knight would come at my call,
 But the handsome young "Rodolph" is bravest of all!

His form is so manly, his step is so free,
 And none are so gentle, so graceful as he;
 His glossy locks rival the raven's dark wing—
 His voice hath a tone like a lute's silver string—
 From poet and legend he won his high name,
 But *his own* are his valour, his wit, and his fame;
 In tilt and in tourney, in bower and hall—
 The gallant young "Rodolph" is bravest of all!

I watch each dark shadow that steals o'er the ground—
 I listen the echo of each distant sound—
 I hear through the silence the tramp of thy steed,
 Then away to the greenwood! young "Rodolph," with speed!
 The wild birds are winging their flight far away
 To choose each a mate for St. Valentine's day—
 Nor lonely the bird of the greenwood will pine—
 She hath chosen thee, "Rodolph," her true *Valentine*.

February 14, 1846.

TO LÉONIE COUDERT.

Of the bonnie little maidens that trip along the green,
 Is one, the loveliest of all that I have ever seen;
 She blooms among the brightest—she's fairest of the fair—
 She's blithesome as the morning lark—Sweet Léonie Coudert!

She's light as any fairy—she's graceful as a fawn—
 Her cheeks are like the damask rose just blossoming at morn—
 With a bright and joyous sunbeam her smile will most compare,
 She's modest as a violet—sweet Léonie Coudert!

Her eyes are dark and lustrous like those of a gazelle—
 Her voice is clear and musical, as rings a silver bell;
 I'll twine a wreath of roses bright around her silken hair,
 And crown her *queen of Valentine*—sweet Léonie Coudert!
 February 14, 1847.

WRITTEN FOR CAPT. ROLAND.

Amid bright scenes in Northern lands
 Through pleasure's halls I oft have roved
 Where forms of beauty met my sight,
 And yet I never loved.
 But in the sunny land of flowers
 What mingled bliss and woe are mine!
 I've seen thee, lady! but to love—
 And own myself *thy Valentine*!

In graceful waltz, or merry dance,
 A form of light she glides along;
 All seek to win her 'witching glance—
 All love to list her tuneful song.
 The sweet bird of the Southern bowers,
 Where the wild rose and jasmine twine;
 The gentle dove—the bird of love—
 Might choose thee for *its Valentine*.

With mind pure as an angel's thought,
 A heart so true—so free from guile,
 Yet with such sportive mischief fraught
 'Twould even make a cynic smile—
 Yet ne'er inflict a wilful pain!
 But trustful as the clinging vine,
 The heart thou wouldn't in love retain
 Is blest on earth—*thy Valentine*!

"A lov'lier form or fairer face"
 Ne'er taxed the poet's painter's art;
 Thy modest virtues, winning grace,
 Makes captive each beholder's heart.
 Then lady! how can I refrain
 From humbly bending at thy shrine,
 And vowing on my knightly sword
 To be thine only—*Valentine*.

A VALENTINE.

Written for an aged friend, to her early and only surviving school-mate, Capt. J. B.

A reminiscence of early days.

'Tis more than three score years and ten,
Our life's allotted span,
Since first in youthful, happy days
Our friendship true began.

'Tis more than three score years and ten
Since as a joyous child,
I played with you on "Stratford Green"
In many a frolic wild.

As I look back upon those years,
Three score, and ten, and five,
Of all the mates we numbered then
But *we two* are alive!

We two—of all that little band
Of sportive girls and boys,
Who wept together childish griefs
And smiled o'er childish joys;
And we're far down the vale of years—
And time is fleeting fast—
Yet I would be a child once more
And live again, the Past!

Years seventy-five! how thrills my heart
As memory bears me back
To tread again with buoyant steps
My girlhood's sunny track—

But in life's retrospect I see
Full many a sadden'd scene,
For life has not been all a *play*
On dear *Old Stratford Green*.

We've drank, dear friend, its mingled cup
Of sorrow, and of joy,
Since I was but a sportive girl,
You a free-hearted boy;
We both were blest with many friends—
How few are left alive!

The dearly loved have passed away,
And yet we still survive!
We still survive—and it may be
A year—perhaps a day!
When like the loved ones gone before,
We two shall pass away.

God grant that in life's parting hour,
Our toils and labors done,
We may go gently to our rest,
As sinks yon setting sun!

When we were young, 'twas stirring times—
The age of iron men—

Who rung the trumpet's warlike shout
From every hill and glen.
When for their country and their homes,
Their liberty and life,
God and the right, their battle cry—
They conquered in the strife.
'Tis true we were but children then—
But we remember well
How many a hearth was desolate—
How many a patriot fell!
For oft the parent on his knee
Would seat his lisping child,
And tell strange tales of battle scenes
And legends stern and wild;
And oft our childish cheeks were blanched,
And childish tears would flow,
As wonderingly we listened then
To deeds of blood and woe.
But joy best suits the youthful heart—
'Tis always light and free,
And so, as it hath ever been—
It was with you and me;
And still your boyhood's sports went on—
My girlhood's laughter rung—
For in those days of sternest deeds
Both you and I *were young!*

Do you remember, dear old friend,
The simple "village school"
Where "Mr. Ayres" taught little folks
To read and write by *rule?*
Children were timid, teachers stern,
In those, our youthful days,
When, copybooks in hand, we went
Trembling, to seek his praise;
And when you won the wished-for boon,
And I stood sadly by,
You often caused a ray of hope
To light my downcast eye;
No matter what the teacher said—
Fresh from your generous breast
Came to my ear the flattering words
That mine was "*always best.*"

Do you remember that I sent
You then a "Valentine"?
Fine sentiment perhaps it lacked—
But love breathed in each line.
It seems but yesterday—those "five
And seventy" years ago!
You then had owned no other belle,
And I—no other beau!
I in return a riband got,
Bright with true love's own hue—

And much it pleased my girlish taste,
For 'twas the *bonniest blue!*
But childhood quickly sped away,
And hearts were lost and won,
And you soon owned another love,
And I—"another John"!
With him I journeyed many years,
Happy and blest were we,
He lived to see his "bonniest bairns"
Prattling upon his knee.
"We climb together up the hill"—
But down *alone* I go!
And soon "together at its foot"
With him, I'll lay me low!
Yet *not alone!* for loving hearts
Are left in children dear—
Who in my downward path of life
Smooth each declining year,
And oft to glad mine aged eyes
My *children's children* come;
And merry laughter rings again
In my old happy home.

For you, sole mate of early days,
I've cast a backward eye
Along the changing track of time,
As it has hurried by—
And forward! may we dare to look?
Another opening year
Has dawned upon us—and its close
May scarcely find us here!
One may be taken—one be left—
It may be me, or you—
Still while we live, dear early friend,
Shall live our friendship true.
My years now number "eighty-eight"!
And yours are "eighty-nine"!
Then once more, as in days of yore,
Accept my valentine.

February 14, 1853.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I come... in Cupid's prettiest form,
Thine eye to please, thy youthful heart to warm.
In poetry, "Love's said to be a child,
Because he is in choice, so oft beguil'd";
But dear Girard, let this your motto be—
True love, sustain'd by spotless constancy.
To prove your faith this mystic wreath I twine,
And thus I send you—a sweet Valentine.

1837.

TO MISS F. A.

With a form of grace,
 And fair of face,
 With step so light and airy;
 To thy lover's glance
 In the merry dance,
 Thou seem'st a sylph, or fairy!

Fanny! that name
 But feeds the flame
 Which burns to call thee mine;
 For Cupid's dart
 Hath pierced the heart
 Of your faithful Valentine.

1837.

TO MR. H.

Dear Sir: My state
 Is desolate!
 Without a mate
 To love, or hate.
 I execrate
 My lonely fate;
 And at thy gate
 Despairing wait.
 And tho' 'tis late
 For me to prate—
 Oh! may this bait,
 At any rate,
 Soon fix a date
 To extricate
 And elevate
 Your loving Kate.

1837.

LE GERANIUM.

O doux géranium, j'ai souvent comparé
 Ton odorante feuille à quelque jeune femme
 Qui, gracieuse et chaste, enferme dans son ame
 Un trésor de bonté, trésor pur et sacré.
 Car si ta feuille heureuse et dont nul ne se lasse,
 Quand on la touche, exhale une suave odeur
 Qui reste aux doigts et laisse trace,
 Quand on les voit de près, bonté, pudeur et grâce
 Ont un parfum qui reste au cœur.

O sweet geranium, I have often compared
 Thy odoriferous leaf to some young woman,
 Who, gracious and chaste, contains in her soul
 A treasure of goodness, sweet and pure.
 For if thy happy leaf of which none wearies,
 When at the touch exhales a sweet odour
 Which remains on the fingers, and leaves a trace
 When seen near, goodness, modesty and grace
 Have a perfume which remains in the heart.

TO A SICK FRIEND—WITH SOME VERY BEAUTIFUL
FLOWERS.

These beautiful and fragrant flowers,
 Fresh with bright drops of morning dew,
 I gather'd in Queen Flora's bowers;
 They're sweet, and lovely in their hue—
 I would not tax you thus, my friend,
 Did I not think these fragrant flowers
 Would by their *simple influence* lend
 A solace to your lonely hours.
 Regard the motive (not the prize),
 And you will ne'er the gift despise.

New London, 1840.

TO MY GERANIUM

(The gift of a friend) broken by the wind.

I gaze upon thy broken stalk,
Thy frail and fading flowers;
And sigh to think how fraught with pain
Are all our sweetest hours.

At morn, I saw thee, fresh and fair;
And on thy graceful stem
There bloom'd a flower—rich and rare
As queenly diadem!

At noon I found thee, rudely blown
And scatter'd by the wind;
And in thy pale and drooping leaves
An omen, sad, I find—

It is, that all that's dear on earth,
In brightest hues array'd,
The sweetest treasures we possess,
The beautiful—must fade!

New London, May, 1840.

The geranium is the emblem of friendship.

A PARODY.

Written after being hurried on board of a steamboat *without even the privilege of saying a few farewell words.*

Scarce a sound was heard, not one farewell word,
As down to the steamboat we hurried—
But oh! wretched fate! we arrived there too late,
And our spirits were very much flurried.

The trunks stood in waiting, our orders to meet;
(And but little time had we to give them)
No friends stood around, with kind voices to greet,
And our *band-boxes!*—how could we leave them!

The last bell was toll'd, and the cry to "push off"
Was loudly and finally spoken.
I turned, and behold! *our hero was gone;*
And we were alone, and heart-broken!

Not a word of regret—not a tear—not a sigh—
Without one kind wish for our meeting—
A brief shake of the head, and a hurried "good bye"
Was our last, and friendliest, greeting!

But no useless sorrow disturb'd our rest,
Our eyes were not dimm'd with weeping!
And ere morning dawn'd on the ocean's breast—
We were sweetly and soundly sleeping.

May, 1840.

TO A GENTLEMAN.

With an Opera Cap, the rim of which was embroidered with a wreath of Bachelor's Button, and Golden Immortelle.

A *Laurel wreath* I could not find—
And so, my friend, I put on
A badge, quite suited to your mind,
A gay old *Bachelor's Button*.

But lest their hall, of *selfish fame*,
Should spurn you from its portal,
That you may quick admission claim,
I add—the *Gold Immortal*.

New London, 1840.

TO MRS. ——— WITH A FULL-BLOWN ROSE.

I wandered forth at early dawn,
One lovely day in joyous spring,
When glittering dew-drops gemm'd the lawn,
And birds, and bees, were on the wing.
Just as Aurora's roseate hue
Announced the rising "God of Day"—
Bending beneath its weight of dew,
Each rosebud trembled on its spray.
'Mid many blossoms sweet and fair,
Supported by its graceful stalk,
A *full-blown Rose* bloomed, rich and rare,
The pride of that May morning walk.
Its fragrance I could not withstand—
Lady! I pick'd that rose for thee!
Its emblem is in Eastern land,
Beauty, in full maturity.

1840.

TO ——— WITH A WHITE JAPONICA.

A *fairy's** taste has cull'd this flower,
'Twas the richest gem in Flora's bower.
Shrouded in leaves of glossy green,
Are the snow-white hue of its petals seen;
And their purity, and loveliness,
Are emblems of *Virtue* and *Truth*. Can you guess
The donor of this flower so rare?
Read the first line, you are answer'd there—
And please accept the beauteous gem,
'Tis a pearl from Flora's diadem!

1840.

*Fair E.

LEAP YEAR, AND LADIES' RIGHTS.

Addressed to the beaux of eighteen hundred and forty.

Four tedious years your noble sex
With every art to tease and vex
Have held complete dominion;
You've tried with all your power and skill
To stem the torrent of our will—
Now this is our opinion,
That tho' we've hitherto been mute,
We're tired of power so absolute.

'Tis leap year now—we ladies reign—
And what's your loss will be our gain—
For we are so enchanted
To think that we can have our rights
And not submit to jokes and sleights.
Oh! how our hearts have panted!
We tremble now in every nerve
To punish you as you deserve.

You say we're flirts—'tis true, we are—
But why should you our pleasures mar
When flirting is the fashion?
And you, *its sworn disciples*, prove
Your inability to move
A purer, tenderer passion
Than ever you may know or feel,
With honey'd words, but hearts of steel.

You say we're vain—and so are you;
Look at a *glass*, and you will view
Nought but yourselves reflected!
And if a *glass* be too obscure,
Too dim to make the image pure,
What more can be expected
Than if the *glass* be clear and bright,
That you should shine with borrowed light?

You say we're fickle, false, and gay,
That fancy's impulse we obey,
And only live for pleasure;
'Tis true that in life's summer bowers,
We plant some perishable flowers
And *cull 'em* at our leisure.
We like in hours of idleness,
Some fav'rite flower to caress.

'Twere charity, methinks, to *hide*
The weakness that you can't abide.
We claim from you—protection!

You are the oak, and we—the vine,
 Whose clinging tendrils round you twine,
 Nor think to meet rejection!
 Then from your wisdom lend a *ray*,
 To guide us on our darken'd way.

For tho' the skies be calm and clear,
 No *landman* can our vessel steer,
 Unharm'd by wave or rock;
 A *sailor* will his bark control,
 "True as the needle to the pole,"
 And reach "Flirtation Dock"—
 Where safely moor'd, with helm-a-lee,
 He claims a *Perry's victory*!

Now this is our supreme decree—
 Unless you one and all agree
 To observe with due respect
 The mandates of our sovereign rule—
 With words as fair—hearts quite as cool,
 We will your claims reject.
 For know, that in our queenly right
 We have a *rod* with power to smite.

Not to our sov'reign state alone
 Shall you in penitence atone,
 Or seek your faults to *hide*—
 We will not tamely suffer wrong,
 While we can boast an *arm-as-strong*
 And many hearts of pride.
 Beware! lest e'en a house of *straw*
 Should turn you from its humble door.

Now pause, ye proud, conceited men,
 Before I throw aside my pen!
 My task is almost done.
 Like children, just dismissed from school,
 You're some for right, and all for rule,
 But each for "Number One."
 Go then—and unto others do
 As ye would, they should, unto you.

New London, Leap Year, January, 1840.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

The eye will grow dim, and its lustre fade; even the rose on Beauty's
 cheek shall wither—but the God-like intellect, the never-dying soul, are
 heirs of immortality!

'Tis not the bright and laughing eye,
 Nor yet the winning smile,
 (Though all must own their witchery)
 That will the soul beguile.

'Tis not the ringlets, rich and rare;
Though with a nameless grace
They cluster 'round her forehead fair,
And shade her "Hebe face."

'Tis not the voice, whose gentle swell,
Falls on the list'ning ear;
Like music from a fairy bell,
The drooping heart to cheer.

That eye may lose its look of light,
That smile become a sigh;
And the cheek, with beauty beaming bright—
Be pass'd unheeded by.

That voice may lose its dulcet sound,
And (like a broken lute,
Whose finest strings are all unwound)
Be musicless and mute.

Those graceful curls, which almost shame
The raven's glossy wing,
Must change their hue, for Time will claim
From each, its offering.

There are firmer graces, my sweet friend,
Than beauty doth impart;
Virtue and Truth, their influence lend,
To sanctify the heart!

Then cultivate those graces rare,
Which to thy mind are given;
And thus thy immortal soul prepare
To seek its home, in Heaven!

New London, January 10th, 1840.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

The following lines were written on the occasion of a "twelfth-night" party, given on the sixth of January, eighteen hundred and forty. New London.

Whoever wins the magic ring,
And puts the golden circlet on,
Must (till old Time with rapid wing
Brings eighteen hundred forty-one)
In courtesy retain the prize—
And custom soon will make it right;
That smiling faces, and bright eyes,
May greet with joy each new "12th night."
Approach the Queen! Around her brow
The garland of bright roses twine—
Let all her loyal subjects bow
And close the scene with dance and wine.

TO MRS. — AS TWELFTH NIGHT QUEEN.

Lady! I would that I could find
 Some flower of a queenly kind,
 Which to your person and your mind
 Might claim affinity!
 Say, shall it be the lily fair,
 Of stately and majestic air?
 Or shall it be that flower more rare,
 The "Imperial Fleur-de-lis"?
 With dignity, and native grace,
 In Flora's train it takes its place—
 The royal purple is its trace
 Of queenly majesty.
 To you I dedicate this flower!
 It proudly reigns in Flora's bower,
 Fit emblem of a regal power—
 The "Imperial Fleur-de-lis"!

A FAREWELL TO A FRIEND.

"Penser a moi!" When far away,
 O'er distant lands my footsteps roam;
 Will you one kind remembrance pay
 To her who leaves a much-loved home?

And should the memory of a friend
 Steal o'er your thoughts in lonely hour,
 Will you one recollection lend
 To her who says—"Penser a moi"?

IMPROMPTU.

These lines were written on hearing a description of a bachelor's rooms which were never subjected to the cleansing properties of brush and broom.

Oh, Major S——, as all men must
 Sooner or late give "dust to dust"—
 A bigger heap thou'lt surely have
 Than man e'er carried to his grave.
 Thou'st eaten thy "*peck*" long since—we're told—
 And still hast "*lots*" of *earthly mould*.
 'Tis not the ephemera of a week—
 More precious, for—'tis dust antique!
 Its root lies not in *shallow soil*—
 'Tis said that years of earth-born toil
 Have filled each crevice, corner, nook,
 Tables and chairs—and every book
 With cover rich, and gilded pages
 Is printed with the dust of ages!
 Get thee a bellows and a broom
 And clean at least "the ladies' room."
 Else bachelor of "moth and rust,"
 We'll christen thee, Old "Dry-as-Dust"!

LINES FOR A MESSENGER-BOAT.

The Ariel! The Ariel!
Oh, never has, I ween,
On the blue waters of the Thames
So fine a barge been seen!

Neat and trim-built, well-oar'd, and mann'd
Against the tempest's strife;
She skims along the waters like
A graceful "thing of life."

And when at morn and eve she glides
Over the billowy deep,
And the crested waves around her sides
In the sparkling sunbeams leap—

She's freighted with a noble heart!
May Heaven guide thee well,
And speed thee safely, to and fro;
Thou gentle Ariel!

Thou com'st to do his bidding—"be't
To fly, to dive, to swim,
Or ride upon the curled clouds"—
Thou'rt subject unto him!

And he shall have my kindest wish,
That many a sunny beam
Of bright and unmix'd happiness
Shall o'er his pathway gleam;

And his shall be that high renown
(Better than Wealth or Fame)
Of Honor's pure and spotless crown
And Truth's unsullied name!

To the sweet sound of music-shells,
The graceful Naiades dance;
And nymphs of Ocean woo thee on,
With many a 'witching glance!

(Thou'rt launched upon the waters deep)
Beware their magic spell!
And prove a faithful messenger—
A trusty Ariel.

"Calm seas, auspicious gales,
My Ariel;
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and *fare thou well.*"

New London, April, 1840.

IN REPLY TO A NOTE

from a gentleman, who requested the loan of some books, or in place of them, something to relieve the tedious hours which he was compelled to pass at home, in consequence of a *sprained knee*.

I'm sorry for your accident—I'm sorry, Captain C—,
That you're so very dignified you cannot *bend the knee*.
In pity for your wretched state (how lonely you must be)
I'll come with my embroidery, and take a cup of tea.

But you may talk the "scandal"—for you have a precious mine,
And can work at the rough metal till you fairly make it shine;
'Tis praiseworthy employment—you may be assured I'll join,
And if food for it is wanting, the fault shall not be mine.

I tried to get some books for you, but could not well succeed
In finding entertaining ones that you would care to read;
"Lord Bacon's New Atlantis," must be numbered with the dead,
For with the "dust of ages" every trace of it has fled.

"I've never even heard of it," the literati say—
If such a book was e'er in print, it must have passed away.
Yet they are all mistaken—for 'twas but the other day
That I saw it in a library—at Philadelphia.

Then "Tom Moore's Epicurean" a pretty thing would be
To while away an hour or so as you sip your cup of tea;
O'er that refreshing beverage I think you will agree,
Though "reason does not dig as deep," that "fancy flies more free."

And the interesting "Ernest"—I've tried in vain to find,
With the high-soul'd peerless "Florence," that gem of womankind.
But since you're troubled with "weak nerves," and your thoughts are so
refin'd,
I will not jar their harmony by "some tangled silk to wind."

But I'll send the "Pilgrim's Progress" through the deep "Slough of
Despond,"
From whence he caught a bird's eye view of the city far beyond,
And rested not his weary limbs, till in its utmost bound,
In calm, contented peace of mind, true happiness he found.

And the exploits of "Don Quixote," that wild, adventurous knight,
Who in imaginary heroines did take such strange delight.
Who in deeds of skill and daring, did no occasion sleight;
But with true chivalric spirit did e'en a windmill fight.

But you say you're sentimental—and (for company) complain
That you utter charming rhapsodies, and address them to your *came*!
The next time you're in ecstasies I hope you'll pray for rain—
And the good book saith, the righteous man shall never ask in vain.

I can send you an old Almanac, and Webster's spelling-book,
Which I pull'd from out their hiding-place, in a very dusty nook.
For "rain somewhere about these days" you in the first may look,
And in the other modern work, some new ideas can hook.

And now as my apology for this deed which I have done
I can only say—I felt as if I'd like a little fun.
For Julia went to Mystic last night at set of sun,
And I always feel poetical when I am left alone.

If it does not interest you, it may, at least amuse.
Will you burn, when you have read it? Or before then—as you choose.
But do not with a "critic's eye" these simple lines abuse,
For if you do, I'll ne'er again attempt to court the muse.

New London, 1840.

TO JULIA C—.

A gentleman, on hearing that a lady* whom he very much admired,
had lately made a profession of religion, remarked that it was only
adding perfection to her many graces.

Julia! thou wast ever lovely!
Thou to me, wert ever fair!
And to thee were freely given
Many charms and graces rare.

Sparkling wit and lively fancy
Nature had bestowed on thee!
With a voice of soft, low music—
Harp-like in its melody.

Thou hast kind and gentle manners,
With a taste pure and refined;
Though youthful—thou didst gather wisdom,
In thy cultivated mind.

Thy step was ever light and joyous—
No tear of sorrow dimm'd thine eye;
Gay and happy in life's sunshine,
Pass'd thy hours unheeded by.

Yet, with many virtues, Julia,
"One thing needful" didst thou lack!
Grace, to tame thy fearless spirit,
And lead thee in the lowly track.

Where once trod thy blessed Saviour!
When thy dying soul to save—
He proclaimed high Heaven's triumph
Over sin, death, and the grave.

For that blessed grace to guide thee,
Julia, thou didst humbly pray;
Light divine was not denied thee!
Thine is now the chosen way!

Perfect now are all the graces,
Which to thee were freely given;
For, to crown thy many virtues—
Thou hast now—a trust in Heaven!

Chillicothe, July, 1841.

*Julia C., of Chillicothe.

MYSTIC VALE.

Oh! I could stand for hours, and gaze
Upon those lovely scenes below;
As sparkling in the sun's bright rays,
Joyous with life and light, they glow.

There's peace within that quiet vale—
Its calm, sequester'd shadowy dells;
And well I know, full many a tale
Of happiness, and love, it tells.

Its verdant lawns—its tree-crown'd hills—
Now beautiful—and now sublime!
Its shady groves—its murm'ring rills—
Its cliffs—which mock the power of Time!

Its varied charm of hill and dale—
Oh! had I the enchanter's wand,
I'd make of that sweet "Mystic Vale"
The brightest scene in fairy-land!

But most I love its winding stream,
When on some clear mid-summer's night,
Illumin'd by the moon's pale beam,
It flows along in liquid light;

And in some graceful pleasure boat,
With gentle breeze to skim the wave,
Where angel figures seem to float,
And nymphs their golden tresses lave.

Or wander on its pebbly shore—
For there, my thoughts are upward driven,
And (were I skill'd in angel's lore)
To read the "poetry of Heav'n"!

And when the world is hush'd in sleep,
And music's charms steal o'er the soul,
'Tis then I feel that I must weep—
For then come thoughts beyond control.

Visions of childhood, gay and bright,
Of after-mem'ries, sad, though sweet;
Times, when the heart with hope was light,
Times, when with untold grief 'twould beat.

And gaze upon that cloudless sky,
Till comes a higher, holier spell!
To cheer the heart—to dry the eye—
And every rising sorrow quell.

I know, beyond those depths, afar—
The weary rest from earthly care.
For every moon-beam, every star,
Tell in their brightness—*God is there!*

August 25, 1840.

TO THE TWILIGHT STAR.

Written for my sister, on hearing that in its rays she beheld two images, the living and the dead.

"It is glorious to gaze upon the firmament, and see from afar the mansions of the blest, each distant shining world, a kingdom for one of the redeemed!"

Thou gently beaming twilight star!
Thou call'st to mind one distant far.
One who, perchance, with tearful eyes,
Beholds thee now, in stranger skies.
And when on Heaven's azure brow
Thou brightly shinest—even as now—
I feel in thy blest home above
Our eyes will meet—in looks of love!

Sweet star of Memory! I gaze
Upon thy mild and trembling rays,
Till upward does my fancy stray—
And one lov'd form, long "pass'd away,"
Comes like an angel o'er my sight,
Enrob'd like thee! in glorious light!
My spirit pants to soar above,
And meet again—those looks of love!

Bright Star of Hope! Still sweetly shine,
And let that blessed dream be mine!
Still let my fondest thoughts be given
To those lov'd forms of Earth, and Heaven.
Entwin'd (like Hope and Memory)
The living, and the dead, shall be—
Thus, in the twilight hour, above,
We all will meet—with looks of love!

Chillicothe, December 16, 1840.

LINES.

For a Twelfth Night Party.

Again our twelfth night circle meets,
And ladies fair in beauty vie—
Each heart with expectation beats,
And gladness beams from every eye.
In yonder group of lovely girls,
With varied beauty, all are fair;
There's some with graceful, clust'ring curls,
And some with simply parted hair.
And some have eyes like sparkling jet,
Others, of mild and gentle blue,
And hazel—more bewitching yet—
But all are beautiful to view.

There's cheeks which blush the rose's hues,
 And necks would shame the lily white;
 Indeed, my friends, if I must choose
 Amid so many looks of light,
 I'll name the one who gently moves
 And graceful in the dance is seen—
 Trusting that each my choice approves,
 I hail *Miss Fanny* as our queen!
 Then 'round her brow the roses wreathe,
 And on her finger place the ring,
 Let gallant knights their homage breathe;
 And maidens fair, her praises sing.
 We hail thee Queen! and may the taste
 Which we this evening have display'd,
 Be welcomed by that charming grace
 Conspicuous in *Queen Adelaide*!

Written for the sixth of January, 1841.

POSTSCRIPT OF A LETTER TO A GENTLEMAN; WRITTEN
 AT HIS OWN REQUEST.

If Mr. Woods will me excuse
 For venturing thus my simple muse;
 And will a kind allowance make
 For the poet's license I may take;
 I will a rhyming postscript write
 Descriptive of our woeful plight.
 For now he's gone, there is no joy—
 (Alas! all pleasures have alloy!)
 And sure as night succeeds to day
Our hearts are sad—when he's away!

The house no more resounds with glee;
 No more with footsteps light and free,
 We gaily tread the garden-bowers,
 To cull the fresh and fragrant flowers.
 The sweet moss-rose sleeps with the dead!
 Its sister-roses all have fled!
 Each beauteous bud and blooming flower
 Have droop'd, *since that eventful hour.*
 We gather not the sweet bouquet—
E'en flowers fade—now he's away!

An antidote has "Lizzy James"—
 Which every thought and feeling claims.
 But e'en "Miss Ellen's mirthful smile"
Her sadden'd heart, can ne'er beguile;
 My feeble language cannot speak
 The grief that wastes "Virginia's" cheek!
 "Julia's" sweet voice has changed its tone,
 And *lower, softer, sadder, grown.*
 "Miss E.—'s blue eyes" have turned to gray
 From "*bitter tears*"—*since he's away!*

Chillicothe, July, 1841.

SWEET LIZZIE JAMES.

In graceful waltz—or merry dance—
A fairy's lightness oft she shames;
All know her by her sparkling glance—
And she's my belle—*sweet Lizzy James!*

"A lovelier form, or fairer face"
Painter and poet never claims—
It was thy modest, winning grace
Which won my love—*sweet Lizzy James!*

With mind pure as an angel's thought,
Thy tongue no falsehood ever named;
Thy many virtues, early taught
My heart to worship—*Lizzy James!*

Then do not coldly, harshly spurn
That love, which fed by Cupid's flames,
May deeper grow, and brightly burn
In the warm heart of—*Lizzy James!*

If thou'lt that blessed Hope impart,
My constancy through life proclaims
That there beats one devoted heart,
In weal or woe, for—*Lizzy James!*

St. Valentine's day, Chillicothe, 1841.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Thou art very sweet, my baby!
With thine eyes of deepest blue—
Their long and silken lashes,
So gently peeping through.

Thou art very fair, my baby!
With thine open, placid brow;
Thy dimpled cheeks, and playful smile,
A beauteous babe art thou!

Thou art very good, my baby!
In thy soft and gentle sleep,
The quiet rest of innocence,
A slumber—calm, yet deep!

That God will bless thee, baby!
Thy precious life to spare,
And make thee pure as He is pure
Shall be *thy mother's prayer*.

Chillicothe, 1841.

"FOR I KNEW THAT THE ANGELS WERE WHISPERING
TO THEE."

With all a youthful mother's pride,
Her infant's couch she sat beside;
And oft, with feelings fresh and warm,
She gaz'd upon its lovely form,
And watch'd its slumber, calm and deep,
As only innocence should sleep.
And now a smile of pure delight
Plays o'er its features (purely bright,
As plays the sunbeam on the snow,
Lighting it up with sudden glow),
Causing bright gleams of joy to dart
Like sunshine through the mother's heart.
With throbbing pulse, and looks of praise,
Her glist'ning eyes she upward raised;
For when the babe in slumber smil'd,
She knew that the angels lov'd her child.

If e'er a sight the heart can move,
It is a youthful mother's love!
Yet in that hour of joy and pride
Came feelings that she could not hide;
Sad thoughts—that suff'ring, sin and woe
Might blanch the life-blood from that brow.
She clasp'd her baby to her breast,
As parent bird would shield its nest;
And oft its little hand would press
Her arm, as if in fond caress—
And of its eyes of deepest blue,
Their silken lashes peeping through,
Into her own would fondly gaze,
As if they knew their resting place.
And when the beauteous infant smil'd,
She pray'd that God would bless her child.

Father! she murmur'd, never may
I from the paths of duty stray;
But mingle with a mother's love
My perfect trust in thee above!
Oh thou! who reign'st beyond the skies—
Forever righteous! ever wise!
A God of mercy, love, and peace,
Bestow on her thy healing grace!
And wilt thou make her spirit pure,
Life's bitter trials to endure.
Blessed Redeemer! thou hast given
Thy life—to ransom souls for Heaven!
Blessed Redeemer! thou hast said,
"Of such as these" my kingdom's made!
E'en as she pray'd, the baby smil'd,
For Jesus lov'd the sinless child.

Chillicothe, 1841.

AN ODE TO MUD.

The following lines were written after returning from a party, when it fell to the lot of *one poor, solitary beau* to escort the writer, with some ten or twelve ladies, through the mud, to their respective homes.

Air: "Some Love to Roam."

Some love to trip,
Or lightly skip,
Where the footsteps follow free—
But I can scud
Through the slippery mud,
And this is the place for me.
When on evenings dark,
With a *single spark*,
To parties we do go—
If ladies three
Or more there be,
Lord help *our single beau!*

Some love to trip,
Or lightly skip,
Where the footsteps follow free;
But I can scud
Through the slippery mud,
And this is the place for me.

In the sweet moonlight
Of a summer's night,
When elves and fairies dance—
And lovers' vows,
'Neath the leafy boughs,
Are paid—there is some romance.
But in midnight black,
When our *muddy track*
We mark, with footsteps slow—
We'd yield romance
For that *hopeless chance*—
The arm of a *single beau!*
—Some love to trip, &c.

If we lift our eyes
To the starry skies,
Or the clouds that o'er them scud—
With our thoughts above,
And our *dreams of Love*,
We're two feet deep in the mud.
E'en with "lamp and pole"*
There's many a hole,
And if in it, we do go—
Oh! blest is she
Who may chance to be
Within reach of a *single beau!*
—Some love to trip, &c.

*The mud in some of our Western towns is so deep that it has been deemed advisable for gentlemen, when walking with ladies in the evening, to carry a *long pole* and *make soundings* as they go along, to prevent the fair sex from sinking into oblivion.

From a gentleman to a lady who was in the habit of *curling her lip* whenever he addressed her.

When wearied with a "*city life*,"
And all the din of worldly strife,
I seek some "*rural village*"—
To pass my hours in listless ease,
My fancy, and *my wit* to please—
Fair maiden's hearts I pillage.

What care I for "the dusty street,"
And "Mercury" at "boiling heat,"
When I can see the beauties
That cluster 'round each lovely face—
And mark the perfect forms of grace,
While in "*domestic duties*."

And tho' one tall and graceful girl,
In very scorn, her lip does curl,
When she returned my greeting—
And cares not though my wounded heart,
Pierced through and through by Cupid's dart,
In agony is beating.

Virginia! cease that look of scorn!
Disdainful looks should ne'er be worn
By sweet, angelic woman;
And listen to my earnest prayer,
For by yon moon and stars—I swear
To be to thee, *a true-man!*

Not e'en the vainly wished-for prize
Of "*Julia's voice*" and "*Julia's eyes*"—
By lovers, often quoted,
Shall e'er with all their powers bring back
From its own loved and chosen track,
The heart of one, devoted!

And tho' the "blue-eyed Eloise"
Essay'd in vain, her power to please;
Nor e'en "the youthful Mary"—
With all the charms of "sweet sixteen,"
Proclaim'd by man, his bosom's queen,
Shall cause my faith to vary.

To you, Virginia! only you!
My heart shall bow in homage true;
Then do not look disdainful!
And ne'er again, my dearest girl,
That scornful lip so proudly curl;
Dear Jinny—*it is painful!*

Chillicothe, July, 1841.

TO MY LITTLE NIECE, THE "LILY OF SCIOTO'S VALE."

The rose may bloom in lady's bower,
And violets gem each mossy vale;
But there is yet a lov'lier flower,
The Lily of Scioto's vale!

The perfume that the jasmine breathes
Is borne on every passing gale;
But sweeter are thy fragrant wreaths,
The Lily of Scioto's vale!

The white rosebud is said to see—
And modest is the snowdrop, pale;
But thou art spotless purity—
Thou "Lily of Scioto's vale"!

TO ——— WITH A BOUQUET.

The summer breeze that softly waves
And fans the rose in Beauty's bower;
The summer stream that gently laves
And nourishes each drooping flower;
Are nature's emblems—good and true—
I fancy they resemble you.

And could I find an off'ring meet,
Most worthy of your gentle care—
I'm sure 'twould be this rosebud sweet,
Geranium fresh, and jasmine fair!
I pray thee, keep this gift I send,
The slight remembrance of a friend.

TO MY BROTHER DAN, WITH SOME POETRY.

DEAR DAN:

You wish a copy of my muse,
My pen and patience tasking;
To you the boon I can't refuse,
Tho' scarcely worth the asking.
And since you want the "paltry pelf"—
Keep it (in charity) to yourself.

How to begin I scarcely know,
My rhymes so often vary;
Sometimes in harmony they flow,
Sometimes they're quite contrary.
And what they lack of *poetry*
Is made up in *variety*.

Sometimes they take a tender tone,
 Sometimes they're grave to sadness—
 To *nonsense* they are often prone,
 And often gay to gladness—
 With now and then a dash of wit,
 But oftener far—*its opposite!*

I make no boast of poet's art,
 I make no vain pretension;
 Yet, with a loving sister's heart—
 I crave your kind attention.
 Then list, dear brother, while I sing,
 My fickle fancy's wandering.

Chillicothe, August, 1841.

IMPROMPTU BY MISS PERRY, 1840.

In ——'s truth I'll still confide,
 Tho' all the world my faith deride;
 No thought, no look, no word is there
 That honor may not freely share.

IMPROMPTU BY MISS THATCHER, 1842.

Both ripen'd age and fresher youth
 Shall still confide in ——'s truth;
 For now as then, look, word and thought,
 Are still with honor deeply fraught.

TO A SICK FRIEND, WITH SOME FLOWERS.

Having paid Lady Flora a visit today,
 I send you, my friend, a simple bouquet.
 The geranium has freshness and fragrance combin'd,
 Round the delicate rose 'tis in friendship entwin'd;
 May they both prove reviving to spirits depress'd,
 And aid you to banish dull care from your breast.
 Would I were a fairy! I'd weave a sweet spell
 That should soothe you in sadness, your fever should quell!
 The geranium's leaves should with healing be fraught,
 And each leaf of the rose breathe a beautiful thought!
 But 'tis only in fancy, Hope's garland I weave—
 A poor mortal, alas! is your friend, *Genevieve*.

New London, Christmas evening, 1841.

MUSINGS OF A HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

Eastward ho! on, we go,
Over the mountains blue;
When hill and dale,
And mossy vale,
Are gemm'd with the morning dew.
Onward over the mountains high,
With nought above but the free blue sky,
And the sunbeams shining gloriously,
Over the mountains blue.

Eastward ho; on, we go,
Beneath the noonday sun—
When oft is seen,
Through the forest's green,
The hunter with his gun.
When birds are singing 'mid the trees,
And the murm'ring hum of busy bees,
And the leaves are stirr'd by the whisp'ring breeze,
Beneath the noonday sun.

Eastward ho! on, we go,
In "somber twilight gray";
When tree and cot,
And grassy spot,
Are fading fast away.
When the mist is gath'ring on the hill,
And nought but the sound of the mountain rill,
And the plaintive notes of the whip-por-will,
Are heard in the twilight gray.

Eastward ho! on, we go,
By the moonbeam's silv'ry light;
When its liquid beams
On the sparkling streams,
Make glad the brow of night.
This, oh this, is the lovers' time—
List! how the bells of the fairies chime!
Oh, only those whose thoughts are crime
Can hate the moonbeam's light.

Eastward ho! on, we go,
In the midnight drear and black;
When all around
Is gloom profound,
And the thief is on our track.
We dread the evil-minded man,
We fear the robber and his clan,
For the open heart, and the honest hand
Ne'er love the midnight black.

Eastward ho! on, we go,
But we leave our friends behind;

We sadly part
 From many a heart,
 That to us was true and kind.
 But eastward, onward, drive with speed,
 For the whip, and the horn, and the flying steed,
 And cheerful faces most we need,
 When we've left dear friends behind.

Eastward ho! on, we go—
 O'er land and seas we roam;
 We strain our eyes
 For that wished-for prize,
 A view of our distant home.
 For there, our parents are waiting to bless,
 And sisters, to give the fond caress,
 And friends, that we love not the less,
 That they live in our distant home.

Eastward ho! on, we go—
 And may He our journey guide—
 Who only can save
 From a watery grave,
 Or a death by the mountain side.
 Then let us put our trust in Him,
 Whose eye no darkness can ever dim,
 And through peril of life and peril of limb,
 May Heaven our journey guide!

Eastward ho! on, we go—
 We've reached our home at last—
 And friends are near,
 With voices dear,
 To tell us of the past;
 Then let us united voices raise
 And join in a song of grateful praise
 To Him who has guided our feeble ways,
 And brought us home at last.

September, 1841.

THE MEMORY OF A DREAM.

"The memory of a dream, which now is sad because it hath been sweet"!

I saw thee with sorrow—I met thee in sadness—
 My heart was not tuned to the sweet notes of gladness—
 I had wounded thy feelings—harsh words had been spoken—
 And the bond of our friendship thus rudely was broken.
 But Memory went back to the scenes of past pleasure,
 Where fond thought had garner'd each dearly-loved treasure;
 And Hope beckon'd on, where the future set smiling—
The grief of the present most sweetly beguiling.
 We both met in coldness, but kindly we parted—
Words could not thus sunder the warm and true-hearted—
 The bright chain of Memory and Hope could not sever
The friends of the past, should be *true friends forever!*

New London, February 22, 1843.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND ON HER BRIDAL EVE.

Presented to a young friend on her bridal eve, with an embroidered sachét, the design of which was a wreath of wild roses, encircling a pair of clasped hands.

'Tis an offering for thy bridal, love,
Which I have worked for thee!
And may the gift (tho' simple) prove
That thou art dear to me.

'Tis a garland of flowers, pure and sweet,
Like unto thee, dear friend—
Where Modesty and Beauty meet,
And Grace a charm doth lend.

I've culled the wild rose bud, dear girl, for thee—
Just fresh from its dew-wash'd bower;
But that shall not thy emblem be—
Tho' a lovely, fragrant flower.

But the modest and lovely Violet
That blooms in the mossy dale;
And one far sweeter, and fairer yet—
The Lily of the Vale.

And the rich Carnation, whose blushing hue,
Like a youthful maiden's cheek,
Betokens feeling, warm and true—
And the Daisy, pure and meek.

And the graceful Jasmine, whose tendrils twine
Around its protecting stem—
Of these a garland I fain would bind,
For thy bridal diadem!

This is, dear girl, thy bridal eve—
No care should cloud thy brow:
No thoughts of the past should make thee grieve
When thou takest the marriage vow.

I cannot be near thee when hand takes hand,
And heart with heart doth blend;
But tho' in a distant, and stranger-land,
Thou'lt not forget thy friend.

Thou hast on thy snow-white bridal dress—
Fresh flowers adorn thy hair;
And parents and friends are near to bless
The marriage of one so fair!

Thou art leaving a tender mother's side
For the husband of thy choice—
He will win a young and beauteous bride;
Oh, well may he rejoice!

He cannot fear thy faith, dear friend—
 For thy pure and well-train'd heart
 Can never with falsehood and weakness blend;
 But will choose "the better part."

And may never a word, or look, unkind—
 Or a thought untrue to thee;
 E'er lead a doubt to cross thy mind
 Of his fidelity.

But well may he guard the sacred trust,
 Which thou to him hast given;
 That when the frail "dust shall return to dust"
 Thy souls may unite in Heaven.

The words are spoken—the wedding-ring
 Is on thy finger now!
 'Tis a charm to which thou wilt fondly cling
 In memory of thy vow.

"A change in the spirit of my dream,"
 It seems but yesterday,
 That we were together, a change in my dream,
 And I am far away!

A change in the current of thy life!
 The young and blooming belle
 Is now the gentle and trusting wife;
 Dear Lizzy, fare thee well.

Philadelphia, September, 1841.

"WHAT IS THERE SADD'NING IN THE AUTUMN LEAVES?"

Thoughts of an Autumn Evening. Published in New London
Telegram.

Yes, they are sadd'ning, these dead Autumn leaves;
 They speak, too truly speak of life's decay!
 Youth in its beauty—manhood in its prime—
 Age in its wisdom—all must pass away!

Oh, sad and mournful is it, when the heart
 With its full glow of thought, its manly heat,
 Its glorious energies, and noble aims,
 Should strongly cling to life, yet cease to beat!

Oh, sad and mournful is it, when the frost
 Nips the young bud in its bright summer's bloom;
 And leaves it, a pale and wither'd Autumn flower,
 The shrouded tenant of a wintry tomb.

Oh, sad and mournful is it, when old age,
From the bright path of life is rudely swept—
To find, like Autumn leaves, a dreary grave;
Too soon forgotten—and how oft unwept!

Age, youth, and manhood sink into the tomb;
The joys and sorrows, and the hopes and fears
Of vain ambition, and its final doom—
This is the record of a life of years.

Yet there is pleasure in the Autumn leaves;
A soul-subduing, melancholy spell—
As busy Memory weaves her web of thought,
And with the buried past we fondly dwell.

And I do love thy ever-changing hues,
O fading Autumn! more than blithesome Spring,
When bursting from stern Winter's cold embrace
She gaily comes, on fancy's sportive wing.

How often with a melancholy joy,
I pensive sit at eventide, and gaze
Where the sun sheds his last departing glow
Of golden light, on thy "soft, shadowy days."

Thy drapery, gorgeous as a poet's dreams—
The tinted blendings of thy rainbow sky—
Its dome of azure, edged with sunset gleams;
While clouds of gold and purple float on high.

Thy glories fade, as sinks the setting sun,
And pensive twilight mantles all the earth;
Hush'd is the hum of life, but thoughts cling on,
With chasten'd pleasure, yet unstain'd by mirth.

Again a change comes o'er the magic scene;
The first pale star of evening mounts the sky—
The star of Memory, of Hope, and Love;
A fit inhabitant to dwell on high.

Again, the twilight deepens into night—
The sky becomes more heavenly in its hue—
The gentle moon throws wide her silvery light,
While stars of countless glory twinkle through.

Are they not *eyes of Heaven*, watching now
O'er us, frail beings of a suffering earth?
The brightest star on Heaven's glittering brow
Told the lost world of a Redeemer's birth!

Are they not "poetry of Heaven"? they sang
Together at creation's dawn on high—
When radiant from the hand of God, they sprang;
The *beauty, mystery*, of that glorious sky!

Yes, there is sadness in the Autumn leaves,
 They speak, too truly speak of life's decay;
 They tell us that "fame, fortune, life and power,"
 Like them must perish—like them, fade away!

But Spring will come again in verdant green;
 Again shall Autumn's wither'd flowers bloom;
 The soul immortal, rise to life and light—
 Freed from the darkness of an earthly tomb.

Could our imperfect vision pierce the veil
 That shrouds from view that heavenly world afar—
 Who would not yield "fame, fortune, power and life"
 To dwell in Heaven—a bright and glorious star!

November, 1841.

LINES FOR A "FATE-LADY."

Mortal: Who art thou? little sylph-like sprite,
 In that graceful robe of airy light?
 Art thou that being whose magic power
 Fortells to man each future hour?
 If so, spirit, reveal to me
 What is my future destiny!

Spirit: I'm the fairy Fate! my secret spell
 Readeth man's little fortune well!
 The pencil of Truth—this little wand
 Which you see I hold in my fairy hand—
 Records the stern decree of Fate
 Which makes life joyous or desolate!
 Let the maiden who seeks a lover true—
 Let the lover who seeks a maid to woo—
 Let any who strive to win a name
 Of Honor, of Power, of Wealth or Fame—
 Come hither and read the destin'd place
 Which I with my fairy wand shall trace.
 But know ye first, that Life below
 Is a mingled scene of weal and woe—
 Of joys and sorrows—of hopes and fears—
 Of sportive smiles—and of bitter tears—
 As in Life's lottery there lies
 Full many a blank to every prize.
 Mortal! beware how ye tempt a fate
 Which may leave ye joyous or desolate!
 Yet if thou wilt—approach and see
 The sum of thy future destiny.

New London, 1845.

HOPE.

"Races, better than we, have lived on her wavering promise, having naught else beside Hope."

"The setting of a great Hope, is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone!"

The brightness of our life is gone!
Yet still we hope, and struggle on.
Hope against hope! for day by day
The fairy phantom fades away.
The brightness of our life is gone!
Not when the bright and balmy morn,
Fill'd with fresh fragrance from above,
Makes the young heart to thrill with love.
In halcyon days of happy youth,
The Spirit feeds on Love and Truth—
Like the bright beaming morning star,
Hope shines with radiance from afar,
And sheds a halo soft and mild
On Fancy's weak, but trusting child.
With each faint flush of early dawn
Our hopes again seem newly-born;
And as the sun in splendor bright,
Fills the glad earth with living light,
So on its gay and glorious rays
We blindly fix our dazzled gaze—
And while the morn in radiance glows
We think not of the evening's close.
There's much of pleasure—*more of pain*—
In Fancy's airy-like domain;
And like the ever-changing sky
Alas! "Hope's summer visions die"!
The setting of our Hope's begun,
Yet hoping still—we linger on.
E'en when the noon of life has come,
We faintly feel the gath'ring gloom;
For Hope her airy castle rears,
And still builds on, 'mid smiles and tears!
Today—on Hope the spirit clings—
Tomorrow—disappointment brings.
The sun still shines serenely bright,
Though slowly setting into night;
But Life's meridian's sooner past—
The darkening cloud comes thick and fast;
It shrouds our pleasures one by one,
Ere Fancy's golden dream is done.
Oh! 'tis not in Life's early dawn,
Nor the more brightly-blushing morn,
Nor noonday's gay and golden gleams—
For then the Spirit wildly dreams!
But when with chaste'n'd, sadden'd glow,
Reflected over all below,
As slowly sinks the setting sun,
The brightness of our life is gone!

May 18, 1842.

TO THE "ATALANTA."

Returning from a moonlight excursion.

Gently, gently glide along,
Over the moonlit wave,
Soothed by the sound of the Sirens' song,
From their home in the ocean-cave.
Where the flowing locks
Of their shining hair,
Are like gleams of gold
In the moonlight fair,
And their snowy limbs they lave—
Where the moonbeams kiss the pebbly shore,
And the beach of silvery sand,
And the pearly floor
Is studded o'er
With gems from the diamond strand.

Swiftly, swiftly speed thy way
Over the billows bounding—
As the parted waves around thee play
And thy paddles their depths are sounding.
The snowy spray
Thy form is wreathing—
The evening winds
Are gently breathing
Over the waves as they rise and swell—
Listen, the sound, as it floats around,
So sweetly-soothing its soul-like spell—
'Tis the warbling wild
Of some Ocean child,
Singing its sweet and sad farewell,
Through the breathing lips of the music-shell.

Winding, winding o'er the wave,
The stars look on thee now!
The queen of night
A halo bright
Sheds from her beauteous brow—
Leaving a line of liquid light
On the dark blue sea below!
In thy homeward path
The Star of Love
Is mirror'd fair
As the peaceful dove,
When her faithful wing is spread to the breeze,
Like a snowy sail on the swelling seas.
A few strokes more
Of the dripping oar,
As lightly thy form
To each wild wave bends—
And thou wilt reach thy native shore,
With the welcome warm
Of thine own true friends.
Then gracefully glide through the feathery foam,
Swiftly and safely speed thou home!

Lightly, lightly touch the land!
 God's blessing brings thee home!
 Boatman, rest thy weary hand,
 No more tonight thou'lt roam.
 But oh! whene'er thou'rt on the sea,
 Thus Atalanta! I'll wish for thee!
 Oh! may'st thou gently glide along,
 And safely tempt the winding wave;
 Soothed by the sound of the Siren's song,
 As in liquid light their limbs they lave.

THE UNUTTERED WISH.

"The superstitious say, that if you express a wish before a shooting star vanishes, it will be realized."—Irish Superstitions.

One bright star from its home on high,
 Shot suddenly across the sky!
 Tho' transient was its brilliant gleam,
 Yet 'twas enough for fancy's dream.
 I wished—but no! I cannot tell
 The thoughts that made by bosom swell—
 Nor *spoken word* can e'er impart
 The wish that lived within my heart!
 The sickening anguish of my soul
 Is calmed by pride, and self-control;
 And nought betrays that wish most dear,
 Save the lone sigh—and starting tear.
 And yet, 'tis chaste as mountain snow
 When blushing in the Auroral glow—
 Pure as the rill that glides beneath—
 Sweet as the balmy zephyr's breath—
 Radiant as yonder azure dome,
 For sometimes, 'tis the sunlight's home!
 Brief as the meteor of the skies—
 'Tis born—it vanishes—it dies!
 Its grave is in my heart—its name
 Beyond reproach—and without shame—
 And yet, to none can I impart
 That wish, deep buried in my heart.
 Still when I see a shooting star,
 Fond Memory comes from afar;
 And Hope, with all her magic power,
 (For these alone are woman's dower).
 The Past—the Future—thus they stand—
 And linked between them, hand in hand,
 In that bright meteor's passing gleam
 Seemed realized one cherished dream.

* * * * *
 The Past goes not with thee, bright Star!
 The Future dimly gleams afar—
 The Present only's left for me,
 And voiceless still, my wish must be.

March 8, 1844.

IN MEMORIAM.

SARAH ADAMS BULKELEY,

LOST IN THE ILL-FATED STEAMER, VILLE DU HAVRE, NOV. 2ND, 1873.

An only daughter, and an only child; young, lovely, and pure.

Could friends have borne thee to thy rest,
When thou wert called to die,
In some dear sacred spot of earth
Thy cherished form should lie;

Choice flowers, placed by loving hands,
Should shed their sweetest bloom;
And hearts that mourn thy early death
Could sorrow o'er thy tomb.

But far, far o'er the rolling deep,
Beneath the sounding sea,
Within some Ocean-echoing cave
Thy dreamless sleep must be!

Around thy form sea-flowers shall bloom
With each returning spring,
And sea-birds o'er thy ocean tomb
Sad requiems shall sing.

What tho' thy body may not be
In consecrated ground?
What tho' above thee may not rise
The marble and the mound?

Yet Christ who guardeth all alike,
His watchful eye doth keep
Whether our rest in death shall be
The earth or ocean deep;

And when the trumpet tones of God
Shall cause the dead to rise,
Both earth and sea alike will yield
Their treasure to the skies.

Then 'mid the countless host of those
Who throng the spirit land,
Beloved and lost one, may'st thou be
One of the shining band!

Washed in the Blessed Saviour's blood,
Redeemed and holy now,
Clothed in the white robes of the Lamb,
The seal upon thy brow!

God grant the parted ones of earth
May meet on that blest shore,
Where death and sorrow may not come,
But life forevermore!

New London, December, 1873.

OLD DOMINION.

I love thee, Old Dominion!
 And with an eagle's pinion
 Would gladly fly to thee!
 Thou art the land of nobleness,
 The true heart, and the free.
 The groves, and garden-bowers,
 The lofty Oak, that towers
 Above thy forests green;
 Spreading its branches far and wide,
 While sunbeams play between.
 Thy valleys, and thy fountains—
 The grandeur of thy mountains,
 As up to Heaven, they rise!
 Their summits crown'd with evergreens
 That proudly court the skies!
 Thy sons, so proud and fearless—
 Thy daughters too are peerless—
 And thou art dear to me!
 Virginia! land of nobleness—
 The true heart, and the free—
 I love thee, Old Dominion!
 And with an eagle's pinion
 Would gladly fly to thee!

Written for Virginia Von Swearingen.

Chillicothe, 1841.

THE MUSIC OF THOUGHT.

Published in New London *Telegram*.

Oh! the music of thought
 Is with melody fraught,
 In its gay and beautiful meaning;
 When each clear liquid note
 Through the full air doth float,
 A harvest of pleasure gleaning.
 In the soft, sunny day,
 When the glad sunbeams play,
 Over lake, over valley, and mountain;
 In the calm twilight's hush,
 When the musical gush
 Bursts forth from the silvery fountain.
 In the bright days of Youth,
 Of Love, and of Truth,
 Of Hope, and of Joy, and of Gladness—
 When innocent mirth
 Is the queen of the earth,
 And our hearts are unsullied by sadness—
 When the voice of a friend
 Doth in unison blend,
 And Hope's gay enchantments we borrow;
 When yesterday's dreams
 Give place to the gleams,

The bright, joyous gleams of tomorrow;
 When the sweet summer rose
 In its full beauty glows,
 And its fragrance around us is flinging—
 Then the Music of Thought
 Is with Melody fraught,
 And its tones on our heart-strings are ringing.
 But the Music of Thought
 Is with Mournfulness fraught,
 When the sweet summer roses have faded—
 If sorrow and gloom
 Strew our path to the tomb,
 And the day-spring of life is shaded.
 If the Love, and the Truth,
 Of our bright, sunny youth,
 Are succeeded by care and by sadness—
 If happiness seems
 But dim, shadowy dreams
 Of Hope, and of Joy, and of Gladness;
 If the voice of a friend
 No longer can blend,
 The sharer of Joy, and of Sorrow—
 If the hearts that we loved
 Too truly have proved
 The false, fleeting hopes of tomorrow;
 Then the Music of Thought
 Is with Mournfulness fraught,
 Like leaves in the Autumn wind sighing—
 And cheerless and lone
 Is Memory's tone,
 For our Joys, like those leaves, are fast dying.

New London, May, 1842.

TO J. STEENE BROWNE.

Thou seekest to know the fair "Ione"—and would the power were mine
 To tell thee aught of her, the priestess of the secret shrine!
 I'd rend aside the veil that thou might know as thou art known,
 But still a hidden mystery obscures the fair "Ione."
 Yet list thy sweet Aeolian when the nightwind passes by,
 And each low zephyr whispers like the breathing of a sigh;
 In the soft, still hour of evening when thou sat all alone,
 Its silver strings shall tremble with the memory of "Ione."
 That unknown, mystic being met not thy conscious gaze,
 And yet on thee the orient queen poured full her magic rays,
 And when the wild-wind fans thy brow the music of its tone
 Shall whisper in thy listening ear the charmed name "Ione."
 The name "Ione" thou sayest is engraven on thy heart,
 Yet she saw thee, and thou heeded not! and so thou didst depart.
 Go, ask it of the wailing wind in each autumnal moan—
 I cannot tell thee who "Ione" is—but I am not, *I own*.

TO THE GODDESS OF NIGHT.

Glorious in beauty! Heavenly queen,
Thou glidest through the blue serene!
Ethereal forms thy pathway line,
And stars resplendent round thee shine!
Thou seem'st a spirit of the air!
Yon fleecy cloud, thy mantle fair—
And on thy brow of light, is set
Of glittering gems—thy coronet!
The snow that wreathes the mountain's brow
Is ne'er so pure, so chaste as thou!
More beautiful than aught of earth,
Thou art, indeed, of heavenly birth!
Thou com'st with soft and holy light,
To chase away the gloom of night;
To shed o'er the earth thine influence mild,
And sweetly soothe our passions wild.
I love, in eve's soft hours, to lie
And look upon the twilight sky,
When the last breath of dying day
Is hallow'd by thy heavenly ray.
Then seems thy crescent form to me,
Like fairy skiff on summer sea;
And yon pale star, the gentle ray
To guide thee on thine azure way.
Thy path is through yon boundless dome—
Those starry skies—thy native home!
Yes, high in heaven thou hast thy throne,
But we thy gentle empire own.
Earth has no place so pure and fair,
But purer seems when thou art there!
No spot so dark, but thy blest light
Could change the gloom to radiance bright.
Thou shin'st in beauty—gentle queen!
On village church and hamlet green.
Through latticed bower and shady grove
Thy beams make sweet the voice of love.
Beneath thy softly soothing spell,
Still sweeter seems the sad farewell—
And thine the cheering, hopeful ray,
To guide the weary wanderer's way.
The ruined tower—the moss-grown stone—
The hoary mountain, bleak and lone;
The crumbling castle's ancient pile—
The vast cathedral's roofless aisle—
The calm, cool lake, and rippling stream
Are kissed by thy soft, silvery beam—
And Ocean's billows, deep and black,
Reflect thy long and shining track,
As graceful gliding o'er the wave,
Its snowy foam thy footsteps lave.
Yes—beautiful as thou dost seem,
To wandering fancy's moonlight dream—
Who placed thee in that starry sky?

Who hung thy silvery shield on high?
 Who sent thee forth in eve's pale light,
 Those snowy clouds, thy banner bright?
 Who bade thee shine o'er earth and sea,
 And gave such wondrous charms to thee?
 Oh, not to thee and thy bright rays,
 My heart shall utter fervent praise—
 But to that majesty divine—
Who formed thee—and who bade thee shine!

New London, May 23, 1842.

THE HEART HATH ITS OWN BITTERNESS.

"The heart hath its own bitterness!"
 And who are they on earth
 From sin so pure—from sorrow free—
 That know it not—from birth!

Each heart hath its own bitterness!
 And we may never learn
 The withered joys, and blasted hopes
 That in each bosom burn.

The springing step, the sunny smile,
 The brightly-flashing eye,
 Conceal the heart's deep bitterness—
 We weep when none are nigh!

There's not a spot in all the earth,
 And scarce a time so blest—
 But the heart's bitterness can find
 An entrance to our breast.

How oft in pleasure's airy hall,
 Amid the festive dance,
 Steals o'er the soul a word, a look,
 A well-remembered glance;

The import of whose magic spell,
 By strangers heeded not—
 Perchance of that gay, glittering throng
 By all, *save one*, forgot!

And in the magic of that glance—
 The memory of that tone—
 Even amid the festive dance
 One heart is sad and lone!

Yet still the sunny smile is there,
 The footstep still is light;
 And still with looks of happiness
 The eye is beaming bright.

But in the lonely midnight hour,
The many hopes and fears
Of memory's sad and joyous page
Are "wept with bitter tears."

That heart hath its own bitterness—
And who can ever quell
Its pangs of hidden, hopeless grief,
But He that judgeth well?

One stood—the gayest of the gay—
In fashion's brilliant throng—
There stole upon her listening ear
An old, familiar song.

More wildly beat her throbbing heart,
And paler grew her brow;
"We have been friends together!
Should a light word part us now?"

Those words bring thoughts of bygone days—
Have they no bitter claim?
Love was to her an idle dream!
And friendship—*but a name!*

Yet still the lofty look is there—
And still the flashing eye;
And though she smiles—that lady fair—
She'll weep when none are nigh!

Her heart hath its own bitterness!
And in its lonely lot
Of *crushed, yet warm affections,*
"The stranger meddleth not."

Its own, its secret bitterness,
O every heart must know!
And only He can heal the wound
That causeth it to flow.

New London, June, 1842.

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE.

I have wasted all the feeling of my bright and happy youth,
For a heartless, cold indifference I have given love and truth;
The sun that shone so brightly on my morn of life, has set—
And scarce a memory now remains, but I would fain forget.

With the hot hand of glowing youth I grasped life's fragrant flowers
That sweetly strew'd my sunny path through beauty's blooming bowers;
But as I press'd them to my heart with mingled joy and pride,
They wither'd 'neath the burning touch—and like my hopes, *they died.*

I cannot feel as once I felt, a joyous, happy thing,
 Full of bright thoughts and gushing hopes forever blossoming;
 The sweet, wild dream of life is past, and thoughts of coming years
 Press sadly on my aching heart, and dim mine eyes with tears.

The warmest feelings of my heart are chill'd by love's decay—
 For me the sweetest flowers have bloom'd, *only to fade away!*
 Still sunny smiles may light my path, and pleasure woo me on,
 But life has lost its sweetest charm—its brightest hope is gone!

And when the tide of recollection pours upon me now,
 'Tis but to spread the crimson flush of thought upon my brow,
 To make my heart too wildly beat, and with dull care oppress,
 To fill (but not with joy) the void within my aching breast.

What gentle looks, and kindly words, I've treasur'd in my heart,
 Only to prove *how false the one—and from the other part.*
 Take back, take back, such heartless gifts, I ask them not from thee!
 If friendship's name is all my claim, 'tis valueless to me!

Sunday evening, July, 1842.

TO ———

I send you, dear ———, a few simple flowers,
 With the hope that their fragrance and beauty may throw
 An additional charm o'er the many bright hours
 That are gilding with sunshine your pathway below.

May that pathway forever be strew'd with fresh *Roses*,
Thornless—and sweet as in Eden's bright bloom—
 And oh! where your heart in affection reposes,
 May it never be *darken'd* by *doubt* or by *gloom*.

May the *Jasmine's* fair blossoms, unstain'd by a shadow,
 In sweetness unsullied, thy pure emblem be—
 Like its close-curling tendrils, may truest affection
 Cling gently, but firmly, dear ———, to thee!

(For sad to the soul is the loss of affection—
 And cold o'er the heart creeps its withering chill;
 As when winter's rude blast smites the fair flow'rs of summer,
 And leaves them all *lifeless*, and *scentless*, and *still*.)

I have culled the fresh leaves of the fragrant *Geranium*,
 The *Carnation* blushing like Beauty's young cheek;
 And like thy own virtues so sweetly retiring,
 Yet modestly blooming—the *Violet* meek.

And even when *faded*, and *withered* and *scentless*,
 As alas! soon the freshest and fairest must be!
 (For the cold hand of Time is rude and relentless)
 Still keep them, dear ———, *in memory of me!*

VOICE OF THE FLOWERS TO THE WORSHIPPER OF THE STARS.

List! to the still, small voice of the Flowers—
I come to gladden your festal hours!

I'm the child of Aurora! for I was born
In the rosy light of the early dawn,
And my infant couch did she gently strew
With sparkling drops of the silver dew.

I have opened my petals one by one
In the radiant smile of the noonday sun,
As it came with a gush of joy to me,
And filled my childhood's heart with glee.
It decked me with colors rich and bright,
And I blushed and bloomed—in its golden light!

And now that the day has drawn to its close,
And the sun has sunk into night's repose;
In the twilight hour—the hour that you love,
I come—like the gentle and peaceful dove;
To soothe and to solace—to charm and to cheer—
With *my silent language*, a friend most dear.

And soon will the queen of Night arise,
To hold her court in the azure skies;
Gemmed with those orbs of diamond light,
That sparkle and burn on the brow of Night.
Oh, then, when your thoughts, in their course divine,
Press on, where unfading glories shine—
To seek beyond these prison-bars
For Beauty, and Love, in yon bright stars!
O! give a few moments (I ask not hours)
To the simple beauty of morn's young flowers.

O! give us one gentle, one loved caress,
Ere we sink to sleep on the evening's breast;
For weary and worn, from our native bowers
We were gathered—to gladden your festal hours.

* * * * *
Then when the wine-cup is sparkling and bright,
And its bubbles are floating in liquid light,
Oh! pledge with thy heart the fair daughters of earth,
And seek Beauty, and Love—in the land of thy birth!

September 23rd, 1842.

TO ONE "BRIGHT PARTICULAR STAR."

"My own one, my own one,
Whom I have loved so well!"
Thou dost watch me from thy home in Heaven,
With a mysterious spell!

And when thy bright and burning glance
Doth nightly on me shine,
'Tis then I know—'tis then I feel—
My fate is linked with thine!

My own one—my own one—
The best and brightest star
Of all the radiant orbs that gem
Those azure realms afar;
Would I could span the boundless space
That sunders thee from me—
Would I could read the secret spell
That draws my soul to thee!

I am a mortal! thou—a Star!
Of pure, celestial birth!
Thy nature is too passionless
To love the things of earth.
I would leap the bounds of Time, and Sense,
To dwell with thee afar!
I would "claim a kindred with thee!"
I would be myself a star!

Oh, not in gay and happy hours,
When the heart with joy is light;
When fame spreads out her golden charms
And earth is fair and bright.
The festal board, the flash of wit,
The merry dance and song;
Are pleasures all of earthly mould,
They not to thee belong!

But when sad thoughts oppress my heart,
When clouds o'ercast my brow,
"When days are dark and friends are few,"
And nought is bright below—
When comes the demon of dull Care,
With all its spectral train;
The shadowy forms of dark Despair—
The "troubled spirit"—Pain!

I turn to thee—my own one!
As with thy holy light,
Thou piercest through the gloomy veil
That shrouds the face of night;
And like the angel form of Hope,
In Heaven thou art enshrin'd—
To fill with faith the sinking heart;
To soothe the troubled mind.

No dweller of the earth art thou—
Forever bright and fair!
Heaven stamped its signet on thy brow
To shine in glory there!
Sparkling, as when thy Maker's power
Didst fashion thee on high,

And bade thee shine—a golden star!
In yon bright azure sky.

Away, away thou black Despair!
Away, thou monster—Pain!
Nor think that in thy giant strength
Thou shalt forever reign!
My spirit triumphs o'er thee,
And holier thoughts arise;
As I see the Star of Glory
"Looking downward from the skies."

Oh, if in that "blue dome of air"
Both Heaven and Earth might blend;
To thee, bright Star—my grateful prayer
Should evermore ascend.
In Faith, and Love, to thee I'd rise,
With Truth's unfaltering flight;
Like golden stars in azure skies,
To dwell in realms of light.

Then could I soar on angel's wings
Along the verge of Heaven—
And stand within the sunset's blush,
As yon pale Star of even!
I would gaze upon thy dazzling light,
And worship thee above,
Till the Star of Glory should unite
With the sweet Star of Love!

October, 1842.

My own one! My own one!
As I gaze upon thee now
I feel a calm and heavenly peace
Steal o'er my burning brow.
And noble thoughts, and high resolves,
Like "holy stars," arise
To guide me to a better land—
A home beyond the skies!

November, 1842.

CONSTANCY.

"It is like love—Oh! love should be
An ever-changing thing;
The love that I could worship, must
Be ever on the wing."

"Not so for me; I could not brook
A love that changed with every wind—

A colder tone, a calmer look,
 A passion less refined.
 Though deep might flow the blessed tide,
 I would not that its waves aside
 Should turn a moment, though I knew
 Again they'd seek the channel true.

I could not bear an alter'd eye—
 I could not list a careless lay—
 A thoughtless tone, whose vague reply
Told the heart far away.
 I would not other lips should praise,
 I would not other eyes should gaze,
 If one, and only one alone,
 Felt the deep love that matched my own.

I would be prais'd all else above—
 Valued as some peculiar star;
 Worship'd, as if no other gem
 Lit the blue arch afar.
 Mine the heart's deep devotion be,
 Unchanging—half idolatry;
 The polar beam, whose light divine
 Nor sets nor fades—*such love be mine!*"

VOICE OF THE FLOWERS.

To a youthful maiden.

"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers, and weave in a garland their
 loves and cares;
 Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers, on its leaves a
 mystic language bears."

If in Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
 Why not —— then in ours?
 The language of Nature! Simple and sweet;
 For youth, and beauty, oh, what so meet!

Thy heart, fair girl, is a fragrant flower;
 And life to thee is a rosy bower;
 Affection's sweet blossoms around thee entwine,
 And youth, with its sunshine of gladness, is thine.

Then listen awhile—and I'll gently breathe
 The mystic love of this fragrant wreath;
 For you it was gather'd—I've twin'd it for you—
 And the Voice of the Flowers is tender and true.

Flowers are the emblems of Beauty and Grace—
 In thy heart, gentle maiden, oh, give them a place!
 Oh, cherish them now, while their beauty is on,
 For soon, like the sighing of summer—they're gone!

Flowers are the symbols of Love and Truth—
In the joyous days of blushing youth;
And a mingled chain of hopes and fears
Is woven for our maturer years.

Flowers are the language of Friendship true—
As such, fair girl, may they prove to you!
And Flora her symbol sweetly weaves,
In the fragrant and fresh geranium leaves.

Flowers are a garland of virtues rare,
Which youth should ever seek to wear—
The blossoms of Beauty, Love, and Truth,
Are a graceful crown for the brow of youth.

Flowers are the tokens of modest worth,
Where the heart's best feelings have their birth;
And their silent language oft we trace
In the soul-lit eye, and angel face.

Flowers! that are born but to fade and die,
Like the scarce-heard breathing of a sigh;
A forgotten—wither'd—faded flower—
Will move the heart with magic power.

And oft the language of love will speak,
In the blush of the rose on a maiden's cheek.
And the tear of pity rise, and swell
Like the drop of dew in a lily's bell.

Flowers are blossoms of Faith and Love,
Sown by the angels of Heaven above;
And over this widespread earth of ours
There is Wisdom and Truth in flowers, frail flowers!

Simple and frail tho' this offering be—
Yet it comes from a friendly hand to thee!
For Beauty, and Sweetness, and Grace are thine—
And the Voice of the Flowers is thy Valentine!
St. Valentine's Day, February 14, 1843.

TO A BEAUTIFUL INFANT, A YEAR OLD.

Oh! who would not love thee, thou beautiful boy,
The pride of thy father! thy mother's sweet joy!
In thy glad waking hours, or thy slumber so calm,
Oh! who would not cherish and guard thee from harm!

If prayers could avail thee—not even a sigh
Should dim the soft glance of thy dark, liquid eye;
No trace of deep sorrow should cloud that fair brow,
It should ever be gentle, and placid, as now.

In thy unclouded heart—in thy bright, joyous smile—
 In thy innocent mirth, and thy freedom from guile—
 Who would not be like thee? Who would not go back
 To the sweet, happy sunshine of infancy's track?

But years may roll o'er thee—and bring in their train
 The impress of suff'ring, of sorrow, of pain—
 For *He* that was *sinless* had much to endure;
 And oh! may He guard thee, and render thee pure.

May He shield thee from suff'ring, from sorrow, from sin,
 From "temptation without, and corruption within"—
 And oh, may He take thee, in life's setting sun,
 When the conflict is ended—"the victory won"!

With thy infantine prattle—thy wild burst of glee—
 Come visions of childhood, and fond Memory;
The pride of a father—a mother's sweet joy
 We all have been like thee—thou beautiful boy!

Elm Grove, July 31, 1843.

TO A FRIEND, WITH A ROSE.

Sent at the request of a lady.

By Miss ——— own request I send
 This first Rose of Spring to you—
 'Twill remind you of an absent friend
 Whose wishes are warm and true.

I've given the tree my fostering care
 Through the long and dreary hours,
 Which the face of winter must ever wear
 To the spring-like, joyous flowers.

I've guarded it from decay, and frost,
 And from neglect's cold chill;
 Not even a bud or a leaf is lost,
 But 'tis growing in beauty still.

Like it, should sacred friendship be
 Guarded with jealous care—
 That its green, its ever-verdant tree
 May kindly blossoms bear.

Should *coldness, neglect, or slow decay*
 Its "*heart of hearts*" invade;
 As these delicate leaflets fall away,
 Will its fragile blossoms fade.

But cherished in a gen'rous heart,
 And nursed by a kindly hand,
 'Twill ever its genial smile impart,
 And flourish while Time shall stand.

New London, April, 1843.

THE HEART'S EASE.

A gift from Miss Mary Miles.

Yes, little plant! I'll cherish thee,
And guard thee with a tender care—
For thou wert kindly sent to me
With woman's gentlest wish and prayer,
That 'mid the woes and ills of life
I still may find in darken'd hour
Some refuge from the world's dark strife
Sweet *Heart's Ease*, in thy simple flower.

Thou speak'st a language pure and deep;
Of delicate and tender thought;
And if in sadness I should weep
Its sweet tones are with healing fraught.
For what imparts so pure a smile,
Or what can shed such sweet perfume,
The wearied spirit to beguile,
As "*Heart's Ease* in each hour of gloom"!

Lady! think not thy friendly care
Was ill-bestowed—or lightly given—
Oh! think not woman's heartfelt prayer
Was ever yet unblest by Heaven!
But think that while my heart beats warm
Thy gift will e'er remembered be—
And ever yield its healing balm,
The sweet *Heart's Ease* of *Memory*!

New London, May, 1843.

ALPINE FLOWERS.

"Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things—
Types of those better moments
That flit like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings."

"I know the language of the flowers,
And love to hear them grieve,
When crimsoning to the eye of morn
Or drooping to the eve.
And when my final hour shall come
I may not weep my doom,
For angel-missioned flowers shall come
And gather 'round my tomb."

"The Alpine flowers of Heaven's deep blue, with the blush of sunset
on their leaves."

THE WREATH OF MEMORY.

Far dearer is this faded wreath,
Than when 'twas in its brightest bloom—
And sweeter fragrance does it breathe
Than when it shed its fresh perfume—
For faded—scentless—still to me
It is the wreath of Memory!

When I see its wither'd leaves,
Thoughts of the past steal sadly on—
And still my heart in silence grieves
O'er dreams of joy—forever gone!
And sad, sweet voices speak to me—
In this pale wreath of *Memory!*

It came to me with friendship's voice—
'Twas given by a hand most kind—
And never did my heart rejoice
As when its blossoms sweet I twin'd.
They bloom'd in beauty then, *for me—*
These faded flowers of *Memory!*

And now they're wither'd! scentless! all
Their bright leaves number'd with the dead!
The past I never can recall,
Nor live again the hours once fled.
So, dearer yet, will be to me
This cherished wreath of *Memory.*

And though, if fortune's stern command
Should part us, ne'er to meet again;
Should Hope withdraw her promised hand,
Affection snap its golden chain—
Then thou wilt be alone with me
The *undying wreath of Memory!*

THEY SAY I'M HEARTLESS.

"Whatever she may be to others, to me she seems perfectly heartless."

They say I'm heartless—but I am not so;
They say I'm heartless—Oh! they cannot know
How oft the guise of coldness will conceal
That love which none but the warm heart can feel.

They call me thoughtless—but it is not so;
They call me thoughtless—little do they know
That "thoughts too deep for utterance" hidden lie
Beneath the weight of their own agony.

They think me happy—let them think me so;
They think me happy—fools! do they not know
That smiles of pleasure often light the brow,
When the crush'd heart with grief is stricken low?

MUSINGS OF A SUMMER EVENING.

'Tis the sweet sunset hour! the last golden gleams
Are mingled with moonlight's soft, silvery beams,
The breeze gently murmurs, and each blushing flower
Bends lowly its head—'tis the sweet sunset hour!

How lovely the landscape—how varied the scene
On forest and hillside, and meadow so green—
As 'mid the bright hues of his own gorgeous west,
Sublimely the day-god now sinks to his rest!

A rich mellow light is reflected o'er earth,
Less bright, but more chasten'd than morning's gay birth;
And in its soft, sadden'd and shadowy rays,
All Nature breaks forth in one glad hymn of praise.

The voice of the cattle is heard from the hill,
And the ear catches faintly the murm'ring rill,
With clear liquid sound gently gliding along,
While echo sings sweetly her musical song.

'Neath the cool leafy bough at day's peaceful close,
The gay feathered warblers now seek their repose;
They have caroll'd all day in the glorious sun—
One last thrilling strain, and their music is done.

But list, from the valley, that sound far away—
The whipporwill singing his sad evening lay;
Its low, plaintive notes in evening's deep gloom
Fall cold on the heart—like a dirge for the tomb.

The sun has gone down from its throne in the sky,
Leaving cloud upon cloud piled sublimely on high,
Like a broad, snowy banner the breeze has unroll'd,
With blendings of crimson, and purple, and gold.

How transient their splendor! how fading each hue!
As I gaze, they have vanish'd, and gone from my view;
They are scatter'd and lost—in the vast dome of air—
And nought but the pale, pensive twilight is there!

And now, with the pale, pensive twilight, afar
In its own azure home rises evening's lone star,
Shining on, shining even, with radiance bright;
Like a pure lustrous gem on the fair neck of night!

Oh, less than the bird, and the breeze, and the flower,
Should we be, if we felt not in evening's still hour,
With the green earth around us—the heaven above—
Our hearts filled with rapture, and worship, and love.

To that high, holy being, whose throne is afar—
Who form'd the bright sun, and who fashioned each star—
Who ruleth the winds by the might of His power—
Who decketh with beauty each opening flower.

Who hath smitten the rock for the cool, gushing rill—
 Who saith to the wild waves of ocean—"Be still"!
 Who uttered in chaos—Lo! "Let there be light"!
 And creation sprang forth from the darkness of night!

At whose bidding we breathe—at whose bidding we cease—
 Whose rule is of Mercy—whose covenant—Peace.
 Whose realm is all space, below and above—
 Whose sceptre is Truth! and whose diadem—Love!

July, 1843.

"FOR SO HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

How calmly, purely sweet she lies!
 Death's seal is on her weary eyes,
 Earth's joys and pains are o'er!
 Her pale hands clasp the cherished flowers,
 Loved both in sad and sunny hours—
 Say, shall they bloom no more

For her, who knows their gentle power
 To charm us, in life's brightest hour,
 To soothe, in sorrow's gloom?
 Oh yes! above her peaceful grave
 Their fragile blossoms still shall wave,
 And shed their sweet perfume.

Whose faith, and hope (saith Christ the Lord)
 Whose trust is in my Holy Word,
 These shall my chosen be!
 Whose hands in charity are quick
 To clothe the needy, help the weak,
 These do it unto me!

Hushed is the warm, unselfish heart—
 That chose through life *this better part*
 Which led her up to Heaven!
 Cold is the gentle, loving hand,
 And broken is the household band,
 And sister hearts are riven!

Yet sorrowing, ye must rejoice—
 She but obeyed the Master's voice!
 Was ready, at His call!
 There's mourning in our little band,
 But she is happy in the land
 Where Christ is all in all.

In peaceful, blessed sleep, she lies!
 For God hath clos'd her weary eyes—
 Hath cooled her fevered brow.
 Hath bid her throbbing heart be still—
 Hath stayed her on life's downward hill,
 And He is with her now!

November 20, 1857.

THE MUSIC OF THE SKIES.

An echo through the viewless air
Tells there is music everywhere!
'Tis sweetest in the song of birds—
'Tis wildest in the waving breeze—
And many a deep-toned anthem swells
O'er the solemn-sounding seas.
'Tis grand when winds are raging high—
And in the mighty thunder's roar—
When hoarsely howls the ocean storm
Along the echoing shore.
'Tis joyous in the gushing rill
As it wanders through the dell,
And its waters play o'er the fresh young leaves,
As sweet as a silver bell.
'Tis gayest when the up-rising lark
Warbles the break of morn—
When echoes over hill and dale
The merry mountain horn.
'Tis softest when Eolian winds
Through the vine-clad lattice creep—
And summer zephyrs gently fan
The folding flowers to sleep.
There's a tuneful cadence where the drops
From the sparkling fountain play—
And in the dash of dripping oars
As the bark bounds o'er the bay.
There's a murmuring music in the hum
Of the busy-roving bee—
And the insect tribes in the summer sun
Send forth their notes of glee.
Through the ever-quivering aspen leaves
It breathes a plaintive moan—
And it sadly steals upon the ear
When the heart is all alone.
There's a gentle note in friendship's voice
Which a kindred tone can move—
But the heart still beats to a finer chord,
The melody of love.
'Tis sorrowful, aye, full of grief,
When the dream of love has fled—
When "the brightness of our life is gone"
And hope, and joy are dead.
'Tis mournful when the low death-knell
A spirit calls away—
That hath no hope or joy, beyond
This prison house of clay.
But heavenly strains the air shall fill
When a spirit pure doth rise—
And angels shall tune their golden harps
To the music of the skies.

"SUCH IS LIFE."

'Tis summertime—sweet summertime—
Above, around me, all are glad;
Oh, why, when Nature's in its prime,
Why, why alone should I be sad?
From every tree, from every bough,
Warbles the wild-bird's sweetest lay;
And all the earth is vocal now
With Nature's blithest roundelay.
Loud bursts of joy with trumpet note,
Swell o'er the waters wild and clear;
And sweetest echoes softly float
In music through the viewless air.
On lofty dome, and lowly cot,
The glorious sun shines fair and bright;
Oh, why should sadness be my lot,
When every heart with joy seems light?
It cannot be that I have lost
The glow of life ere youth has fled;
That dark distrust and doubt have cross'd
All the bright hopes once cherished!
It cannot be that love has flown
In these, my loneliest, saddest hours;
That friends have left me one by one,
As leaves forsake the falling flowers.
Sometimes my heart with hope is light,
And free, as is the wild-bird's wing;
When every scene of life is bright,
And every care aside I fling,
And then a cloud of darkness sinks
Silent and heavy on my soul—
From the gay world my spirit shrinks,
And sadness reigns beyond control.
E'en could I hush all vain regret
With which my mind is over-cast;
In happiest hours I'd ne'er forget
Each sad remembrance of the past.
For such is life—its brightest joy
Is equalled by some sister-grief—
No pleasure comes without alloy,
No pain exists beyond relief.

Yon graceful bark with snowy sail,
And flag unfurling to the breeze—
How blithely now she woos the gale,
And proudly rides o'er swelling seas.
Like the fleet bark, she snuffs the wind
And steers her course right nobly on;
Leaving a world of care behind,
She deems the goal already won.
Along her path of sparkling light
The pure, unclouded sunbeams play—
And who would deem the tempest's might
Could shroud in gloom a scene so gay!

Perchance for that gay, gallant ship,
 With grief shall many an eye be dim—
 And many a sad and quivering lip
 Shall chant a mournful requiem.
 For such is life—its morning sun
 Sheds o'er our path a roseate glow—
 But soon its evening cloud will come,
 Laden with drops of bitter woe.
 That sun may brightly shine on all,
 And all may revel in its ray,
 And sorrow's cloud may darkest fall
 While yet the morn of life is gay.
 Like the proud ship that tempest toss'd
 Still madly mocks the foaming wave—
 With tattered sails, and anchor lost
 Would sink into an ocean grave.
 Did not the faithful polar star
 Still cheer her with its beacon light;
 And guide her onward course afar
 Beyond the raging billows' might—
 So we throughout this world so wide
 Would toss upon Life's troubled sea;
 Without a helm our course to guide—
 Without a port wherein to flee—
 Did not the star of hope divine,
 Shed o'er our lives its cheering ray,
 Through the dark clouds of sorrow shine,
 And chase the gloom of grief away.

August, 1844.

I heard a voice from Heaven, saying, Blessed are the dead who die
 in the Lord. Revelations, 14:13.

'Tis well to weep—bereaved in heart!
 But with the hope that Jesus gives
 That when the good from earth depart
 The soul with Him immortal lives.
 'Tis right to weep—when Lazarus slept
 In the cold grave—the Saviour wept.

But as ye weep, *a heavenly voice*,
 Breaks joyfully the silent gloom,
 Making thy widowed heart rejoice—
 For Faith, can even the grave illumine.
 Still for the dead in Christ, who sleep,
 Loved memory bids thee, lone one, weep!

A day will come—yea, soon may come
 When the archangel's trump shall sound
 And Christ will call the *blessed* home
 With Love beyond all earthly bound.
 Then with the blest who've gone before,
 This joy be thine—to weep no more!

New London, November, 1851.

MUSIC.

An echo through the viewless air,
Tells there is music everywhere;
Through heaven and earth, o'er land and sea,
It breathes a varied melody.
'Tis sweetest in the song of birds,
'Tis wildest in the waving breeze,
And many a deep-toned anthem swells
O'er the solemn-sounding seas.
'Tis grand when winds are raging high,
And in the thunder's roar;
When hoarsely howls the ocean storm
Along the echoing shore.
'Tis joyous in the rivulet
When its limped waters swell,
As it glides along, with a gleeful sound,
As sweet as a silver bell.
'Tis gayest when the up-rising lark
Warbles the breath of morn—
When echoes over hill and dale
The merry mountain horn.
'Tis softest when Æolian winds
Through the vine-clad lattice creep;
And summer zephyrs gently fan
The folding flowers to sleep.
There's a tuneful cadence where the drops
From the sparkling fountain play;
And in the dash of dripping oars
When the bark bounds o'er the bay.
There's a murmuring music in the hum
Of the busy-roving bee—
And the insect tribes in the summer sun
Send forth their notes of glee.
Through the ever-quivering aspen leaves
There breathes a plaintive moan;
And it sadly steals upon the ear
When the heart is all alone.
There's a gentle note in friendship's voice
Which a kindred tone can move—
But the heart still beats to a finer chord,
Its perfect tune, is love.
'Tis sorrowful, aye, full of grief,
When the dream of love has fled—
When all that makes life's charm has flown,
And hope, and joy, are dead.
'Tis mournful, when the low death-knell,
A spirit calls away—
That hath no hope, or joy—beyond
This prison-house of clay.
But glorious are the heavenly sounds
When a spirit pure doth rise—
And angels tune their golden harps
To the music of the skies!

TO MY SISTER JULIA, WITH A PURSE.

'Tis to be sure a scanty purse—
But when I did begin it,
I breathed a wish that there might be
Forevermore within it
Plenty for all life's needful wants,
Plenty for all life's pleasure,
Plenty to profitably spend
And plenty more at leisure.
I wish 'twere prettier, for your sake,
But pray do not abuse it—
It looks far better now, than 'twill
When time hath roughly used it.
A stitch has wandered here and there,
And as I could not mend it,
"What can't be cured, must be endured"—
And so, dear Jule, I send it.

Christmas eve, 1845.

VOICE OF THE FLOWERS TO THE PHILOSOPHER.

Apt emblems are we of human life,
The yearnings of youth, and manhood's strife;
From the earth's cold breast, to the sunbeams bright,
We struggle through darkness, to revel in light—
Till blushing in beauty, and brilliant in hue,
We are clothed by the sunlight, and nourished with dew.
And now, in the bright blush of beauty's young bloom,
Decked with Nature's choice colors, and rich with perfume;
With our mystical language we silently come
To modestly welcome thee, wanderer, home.
We come not to flatter, nor praise, but to blend
The warm-hearted welcome and truth of a friend;
Our virtues are nameless—no honors we claim—
Our deeds are untold by the trumpet of fame—
But alike in the sunshine of life, or in shade,
We silently blossom—and silently fade.
The *Philosopher* passes us carelessly by—
His thoughts are afar, in yonder blue sky—
In that glittering dome where *stars have their birth*,
While crushed at his feet lie the sweet stars of earth.
Yet an all-wise Creator has given us place—
He has formed us with mystery, deck'd us with grace;
In our delicate blossoms his wisdom he weaves,
While meaning and moral are found in our leaves.
In the broad book of Nature our precepts all lie—
Philosopher! do not pass carelessly by!
But list to our still small voice again—
We have sunder'd the fetters of winter's cold chain,
With our mystical language we silently come,
And joyously welcome thee, wanderer, home!

February 14, 1843.

I STOOD UPON THE LOFTY BROW.

Written after a walk to ——— on a clear, cold night in February.

I stood upon the lofty brow
Of a bleak and lonely hill—
The world lay sunk in sleep below,
The river's ever-restless flow
Seemed touched, like my heart, with a wintry chill,
For its waves were hushed—and its beatings still.

I gaz'd on the beautiful queen of night
Ascending her azure throne—
Serenely she moved through her realm of light,
And the earth was fill'd with her radiance bright,
While each glittering bough, and ice-clad stone,
In the glorious smile of her presence shone.

A spirit had passed in his cold array
Silently over the scene—
And he hung with gems each graceful spray
Which bent to the breeze, in the moon's bright ray;
And night, adorn'd in that sparkling sheen,
Paid homage true to its beautiful queen.

On his noiseless way the spirit wound,
Wielding his sword of death—
The streams with an icy chain he bound,
He checked the rivulet's joyful sound,
He blew with his damp and chilly breath,
And the earth was wrapt in a snowy sheath.

I look'd on the still and stainless skies,
In their star-lit brilliancy—
Till exalted fancy fain would rise
On angel's wings—and with angel's eyes
To pierce through those azure depths, and see
Their yet more glorious majesty.

In that hour what beautiful thoughts had I;
And the bright hope came to me,
As I fixed my gaze unconsciously
On the dark blue depths of the cloudless sky,
That this frail being yet may be
A heav'nly spirit, pure and free;

It may roam where constellations dwell,
And the crescent moon floats high;
Where the golden harps of angels swell,
And the stars in tuneful cadence tell
Of a brighter world beyond the sky,
Where tears are wip'd from the mourner's eye.

Oh, my heart was with wild visions fraught,
Of Hope, and Joy, and Love;
But many sad, sad hours have wrought
Their impress on my every thought,

And now no more can fancy rove
To its spirit-home of joy, above.

No more can Hope unfurl her wings
Of pure, celestial light;
But my desponding spirit clings
To the world's dark imaginings—
And my heart feels the with'ring blight
That chilled it, when its hopes were bright.

February, 1843.

“READ, MARK, LEARN AND INWARDLY DIGEST.”

Idler in Life's sunny ray,
Casting precious hours away,
In thy folly, know'st thou aught
Of thine heritage of Thought?

What is Thought? Oh, what is Thought?
Silence, with deep meaning fraught—
Eloquent as words of fire!
How canst thou to Thought aspire?

Rouse thy soul from its dull sleep—
Study long—and study deep.
Each idea thou hast caught,
Furnishes a food for *Thought*.

Look upon thy fellow-man—
Human hearts around thee scan—
Knowledge, though 'tis dearly bought,
Yet 'tis thine, by *timely Thought*!

Nature's book before thee lies—
Read with earnest, searching eyes—
If its truths to thee are naught,
Blame *thy poverty of Thought*.

Bend the knee in humble prayer,
Wafted through the perfum'd air;
By “Our Saviour” ye are taught—
Ye, to Him, are *anxious Thought*!

List the voice that calls away—
Here ye may not always stay!
If the Way of Life thou sought,
Then thou hast not *vainly Thought*.

Workman on Life's weary way!
Toiling ever—day by day!
Well and wisely hast thou wrought—
Wealth is thine—a *World of Thought*!

October, 1845.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

"Hope was thy guiding star."

It shall guide thee, gallant sailor, o'er the billows "darkly deep";
 When old Ocean rolls around thee, it shall rock thy peaceful sleep—
 Though the lightning flame is flashing 'mid the thunder's loudest roar,
 And the breakers wild are dashing on the rude and rocky shore,
 Though the clouds be thick above thee, and the waves careering high
 Uplift their snowy summits to the black and threatening sky—
 Thou'lt not heed them, gallant sailor—but fearless wilt thou roam
 O'er the world-wide waste of waters, thy lov'd and long-tried home.
 When the tempest comes upon thee with dark and fearful doom;
 Still, still there shineth on thee a light amid the gloom.
 One beacon brightly burning when danger draweth nigh—
 One star amid the darkness enshrouding sea and sky.
 That Star of Hope was ever thy gently guiding star!
 With gleamings of bright mem'ry it lights the distant far.
 It dawned upon thy childhood in life's young, joyous day,
 It sheds upon thy manhood its steady, smiling ray;
 And should long years of sorrow or suffering be thine—
 Still keep thy firm faith ever fixed on its light divine.
 It ever points before thee the goal yet to be won—
 It bids the Hope forever—and beckons, ever on!
 And so God speed thee, sailor, through shifting scenes of life;
 An honest heart, and manly, thou bearest to the strife—
 And when thy sweet star shineth in beauty bright above,
 With Hope's soft radiance twineth Honor, and Faith, and Love.

AN IMAGINARY SUNRISE.

Composed at reveille by the inspiration of the fife and drum.

The stars of night are waking with the blush of waking morn,
 The dew is on the flowers and the sunlight on the lawn;
 With the wild and tuneful warbling (his merry morning lay),
 The lark is skyward soaring to hail the dawning day.
 The balmy breeze is blowing from the violet-perfumed dell,
 And there stealeth o'er my senses a gently soothing spell.
 For the god of day is flinging his gay and golden gleams—
 And like Memnon, moved to music by the magic of his beams—
 So o'er the vine-leaves clustered 'round my casement opened wide
 Soft silvery sounds Eolian in murmured music's glide.
 In rosy light are hovering with forms divinely fair
 Bright beings of the fancy! Sweet spirits of the air!
 Around my couch they're stealing, and oft they seem to say,
 Up! rouse thee from thy pillow, and hail the dawning day!
 But Morpheus, blessed spirit! thou dost my senses steep
 In the Lethe of forgetfulness—and thus, I fall asleep!
 I care not for Aurora with all her rosy Hours—
 Nor yet for beauteous Flora with her incense of fresh flowers—
 I care not for Apollo's lyre—nor Phoebe's golden gleams—
 But more for "*Berkeley's*"* sunrise within the land of dreams.

Fort Trumbull, 1845.

*Berkeley, in Longfellow's "Hyperion."

TO MY SISTER JULIA.

On the second anniversary of her wedding.

'Tis thy wedding day, my sister!
And may no anxious care
Bring a less bright and joyous smile
Than now thy features wear.
Should bodings dark come o'er thee—
Perchance thou thinkest not
How full of quiet happiness
Has been thine earthly lot.

In girlhood thou wert joyous—
And in thy happiest hours
Along life's sunny pathway
Thou'st gather'd sweetest flowers.
Though pensive thought and sadness
Were not unknown to thee
Yet thy nature was of gladness,
Thy spirit bright and free.

Two years ago, dear Julia,
Thou wert a blooming bride—
And one who loved thee truly
Stood proudly by thy side.
Thou to him then wert dearest
Of Beauty's youthful band,
When in thy young affection
Thou gavest heart and hand.

Nor is he thine less truly
Than on that happy day—
Nor does thy truth and purity
From his affections stray;
That noble heart will love thee
Though friends may faithless prove!
Wealth purchased not that pearl of price—
It was thy perfect love!

Full many hearts are hopeless now
With wishes unfulfilled—
And faded joys, and blasted hopes,
Have many a bosom chill'd!
Full oft the mourner's cry is wrung
From bleeding, widowed hearts!
Full oft "the silver chord is loosed"—
"Friend after friend departs"!

One sad, deep sorrow hast thou known
Within thy youthful breast—
One loved and honored parent seen
Laid in his peaceful rest!

He gave thee to another's care
 Ere yet life's sands were run—
 Oh, more to thee than "Father"
 Is now that chosen one!

Then for the love and gladness,
 The peace and calm content;
 For all of earthly blessedness
 Thy God to thee hath sent—
 For husband, friend, protector,
 Through all life's weal and woe,
 Praise Him with joy and thankfulness
 From whom such blessings flow.

Friends gather'd 'round thee, Julia!
 Upon thy bridal eve—
 No cloud was near to mar thy joy,
 Naught that could make thee grieve.
 Yes! happy on thy bridal eve!
 Though years have passed away,
 Thou shouldst not be less joyous now—
 It is thy wedding day!

Friday morning, December 5, 1845.

TO MY BROTHER.

On the death of a beloved wife.

God hath taken her, my brother! from the home where earthly love
 Had fitted her meek spirit for a holier home above.
 Christ hath guided her in safety the deep, dark waters o'er,
 We think of her as happy now, where death can be no more.

God hath taken her! in mercy hath He stilled the throbbing breast,
 The heart's wild agony is o'er—the weary is at rest.
 Gentle and good and lovely, passed she o'er life's troubled wave,
 We've laid her down in blessed sleep—"the white cross" on her grave.

The hallow'd bond of early years is severed by a breath—
 Its sacredness abideth still—"for love outliveth death!"
 Ye would not if ye could forget that sweet-voiced, music tone,
 'Tis treasured in thy memory, though the grave hath claimed its own.

Death's shadow resteth darkly now on thy dear household band,
 They'll meet no more her loving eye, nor feel her guiding hand;
 That shadow comes between thy heart and all that's bright below,
 But golden drops of joy are sparkling in thy cup of woe.

She trusted in a Saviour's love! and with the Christian's prayer,
 In "certain faith" and "holy hope" thou'st given her to His care.
 While with the just her spirit pure awaits a blissful morn,
 As sister, wife, and mother here—we weep the loved and gone.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO INFANT AND ONLY CHILDREN
OF MRS. DAVIS, OF CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.

Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—St. Matthew, 19:14.

There rose a wail of sorrow! it fell upon my ear!
A pale, grief-stricken mother wept sadly o'er a bier!
And with her, lowly bending, a form of manly pride—
For two sweet buds of promise lay wither'd side by side.

One was a sportive creature with a smile of sunny ray,
And cheeks in whose sweet dimples the rose and lily lay;
A gentle, fair-haired maiden, with eyes of heaven's hue—
That charmed you with their seraph spell, they were so softly blue.

The other, yet an infant—a sinless, cherub boy,
Whose young and stainless spirit knew not the world's alloy.
A bright and brief existence was thine, thou sinless one!
Its dawn like morning's rosy light—its close, like setting sun.

Oh Death, thou ruthless spoiler! say couldst thou not forbear?
Couldst thou not stay thine icy stroke, "these little ones" to spare?
In vain a father's bitter grief—a mother's breaking heart—
Thou hadst the eyelids close in death—the fleeting breath depart.

Yet, mother! "weep not hopelessly"—father! be patient still—
God's judgments are most merciful—bend humbly to his will.
Ye know not how much suffering, how much of pain and woe,
In life's more lengthen'd pilgrimage awaited them below.

Ye saw the rose fade from the cheek, the lustre from the eye,
Like marble cold, the glowing lips that smil'd so joyously—
Ye saw the forms ye loved the most sink into death's dull sleep,
Ye wrapped them in their snowy shrouds—then turn'd aside to weep!

Ye could not see the forms of light that like a sunbeam's play,
Hover'd around the bed of death, and beckon'd them away.
Ye saw not their freed spirits, borne aloft by angels' wings—
Heard not the melody of Heaven—the harps with golden strings!

Yet lift thine eye of faith above—amid that shining band,
Spirits of kindred innocence that dwell on God's right hand;
There, mother, are these little ones, to Christ so early given—
For "blessed are the pure in heart"! their heritage is Heaven!
New London, 1846.

THE MOTHER'S VIGIL

Written when dear little Willie was but a few months old.

I'm watching by thy side, Willie! I'm watching by thy side!
With all a mother's tender love—with all a mother's pride—
I list the breathing soft and low of thy unconscious sleep
And teardrops gather in my eyes—oh, wherefore do I weep?

I weep, my baby—not for grief—oh no! that cannot be
 When thou and one too well-belov'd my God hath given me!
 As dewdrops smile through sunny rays so smile my tears of joy
 The tribute of a grateful heart for thee, my darling boy!

Thy tiny form reposes now in slumber's calm embrace,
 I love to watch each opening charm—each sweet, infantile grace—
 The dimple in thy rounded cheek—thy brow so angel fair—
 I feel that seraphs guard "the Baby Sleep" that's "pillow'd" there.

And when they gentle eyes uncloze from their unconscious rest,
 'Tis joy to clasp thee in my arms, and fold thee to my breast.
 And when I meet their trusting glance I praise the God above
 With all a wife's devotedness—with all a mother's love.

I'm watching by thy side, Willie! I'm watching by thy side!
 And mingled with a mother's love comes a fond father's pride.
 He's sever'd from thee, precious one, full many a weary mile,
 He may not kiss thy soft young cheek, nor catch thine infant smile.

But his heart still lingers in his home, here dwells his earthly joy,
 One earnest prayer is on his lips that God will bless his boy.
 One hope, one trust in Heaven is his—may it not be denied!
Again together, Willie, we'll be watching by thy side.

New London, August, 1846.

THE ASCENSION.

Lift up your heads on high ye heavenly gates!
 Through the wide courts the startling summons rung—
 Lift up your heads on high, ye heavenly gates!
 Responsive burst from every seraph's tongue.

Lift up your heads on high ye heavenly gates!
 Louder and louder yet the echo rings
 And white-winged heralds hear the sound afar
 Through the vast palace of the King of Kings.

Lo! see the angelic wardens swiftly speed
 To open wide those everlasting gates—
 And while their golden hinges slowly move
 In dazzling light the King of Glory waits.

Who is the King of glory, at whose Word
 The powers of Heaven its portals open throw—
 He is the Lord of Hosts—before His Name
 The pure archangels worship bending low.

He is the Lord of Hosts—the Risen God—
 The Blessed Saviour, and the Prince of Peace—
 The Sun of Righteousness—in whose bright rays
 Sorrow abides not, and the night shall cease.

Christ the Redeemer! Triune is His Name!
First God the Father who the Word did give—
And God the Son Omnipotent to save—
And God the Spirit in Whose life we live.

Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates!
Through Heaven and Earth sublime this anthem rings
Today He hath ascended up on high
Jesus the Conqueror and the King of Kings!

1853.

Wherefore I praised the dead already dead more than the living
who are yet alive. Ecclesiastes 4:2.

I praised the dead, already dead!
For they no tears of grief shall shed
For them there is no care nor sorrow
Upon each waking, sad tomorrow.

I praised the dead! the righteous dead!
Tho' the grave is a narrow bed
For him it had no dark distress,
Nor fear, nor pain, nor weariness.

I praised the dead! the happy dead!
Let, for the living, tears be shed!
For they are yet alive to know
More of life's suffering and woe.

I praised the dead! the holy dead!
For God hath blest his "hoary head"!
For him unclosed the heavenly gates
And there his "crown of glory" waits!

Already dead! in blissful sleep!
For him, ye cannot, would not weep!
But for yourselves when cares oppress
Ye'll feel that ye are fatherless.

And he hath loved you—oh, how long!
When ye were helpless he was strong!
Ye've lived to see that strength decay
Until he gently passed away.

In Heaven ye have a Father still—
And ye will meekly hear His will—
Though your hearts faint—your eyes grow dim
Ye'll look with faith and hope to Him!

His arms of love are opened wide—
And He will be the orphan's guide,—
The orphan's guide, and widow's stay,
To keep them in His perfect way.

New London, March 4, 1852.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO ALEXANDER J. PERRY.

(Genl. Perry when a boy.)

Forgive, dear Sandy, my neglect—
You surely could not thus expect
That I'd omit from day to day
To write to you when far away.
Doubtless amid the daily rule,
The customs and restraints of school,
Your thoughts full often fondly roam
Back to your early boyhood's home;
And then o'er memory's magic glass
How many recollections pass!
And what sweet visions be enshrined
In the bright mirror of the mind!
A mother's voice whose accents clear
Fell ever fondly on your ear—
A mother's tender, faithful care—
A mother's deep and fervent prayer—
That God will bless her dearest joy,
And guard from harm her only boy.
And many a friendly face and form
With greetings kind, and feelings warm;
And many a bygone scene of youth
Comes forth with vividness and truth.

It sorely tries the youthful heart
From home's endearments thus to part—
To wander 'mid the world's wide range
Where friends are few—and all is strange.
But soon the boy becomes a man,
And learns the human heart to scan;
To moralize on all below—
To dream of bliss—the real, woe!
To mingle in the daily strife
Where meet the joys and ills of life.
A manly mind, with courage high;
A firm, and fearless energy;
A heart sincere—from passion free—
A pure and strict morality—
A trust in that Almighty power
That guards unseen each passing hour—
May these, dear Sandy, ever be
Thy safeguard o'er life's stormy sea.

DAY AND NIGHT.

Oh, bright is the day, with its golden ray,
Shining o'er land and sea;
With its glad sunrise and its azure skies
And its light clouds floating free.

Its eastern gate where glories wait,
Its noon of splendor bright;
Its gorgeous west when sinks to rest
The god of life and light.
The hues it flings from its rainbow wings,
The visions of hope it weaves,
As it wakes the flowers in their fragrant bowers
And paints their opening leaves.
With the daylight's birth ascends from earth
A mighty, ceaseless voice,
And Thought is drown'd in the mirthful sound
That bids the world rejoice.
Men eat and drink on the morrow's brink,
And drive dull care away;
There are pleasures bright and wild delight
In the glare of the golden day.
Oh, bright is the day with its voices gay,
Sounding so merrily,
Its sunny smile doth the heart beguile,
Yet not the day for me!

For I love the night with its orbs so bright,
Shining in Heaven afar—
As I fix my eyes on the radiant skies
Or follow a shooting-star.
When the moonlight beams on the sleeping streams,
And softens the forest shade,
And the rising breeze when the old oak trees
By the midnight blast are swayed.
When fiercely bright through the murky night
Pierces the lightning flash,
And the thunder loud from the rolling cloud
Peals down its fearful crash.
When music's swell with its witching spell
Comes murmuring o'er the sea,
Then my watch I keep while others sleep—
Oh, the solemn night for me!

Deep thoughts I learn from the stars that burn
In Heaven's sacred dome;
And many a gleam from fancy's dream
I've caught from "the moonlight's home."
The swelling breeze through the forest trees
Steals on like a silver chime,
And the midnight blast as it rushes past
Is the warning voice of Time.
In the lightning flash, and the thunder crash,
Startling the midnight hour,
I lift my soul from the world's control
To a faith in the Unseen Power.
And music's charm with its soothing calm
Doth set my spirit free.
Oh, I love the night with a pure delight,
Oh, the deep, deep night for me!

New London, 1846.

BENJAMIN DORR SWIFT.

(Aged 2 years, 7 months, 17 days.) The first death in the Church of the Holy Communion (New York).

Oh, suddenly! and fearfully!
The king of terrors came—
Not with the hand of slow disease,
But with the lurid flame.
He smote not manhood in his prime,
Nor e'en the patriarch old;
But chose a nursling of the flock,
A sweet "lamb of the fold."

Yea, suddenly! and fearfully!
It burst upon thine ear,
The mortal anguish of thy child—
Mother! thou know'st how dear!
And sore and heavy was the stroke
That took him from thee now,
The rose of health upon his cheek,
And joy upon his brow.

In all his infant loveliness—
Ere yet a stain of sin,
Like canker in the opening bud,
Tainted the heart within.
At dawn that heart beat warm with life,
Another dawn—'twas cold!
For in death's marble stillness lay
The sweet "lamb of the fold."

Within the church's holy aisles
A funeral train appears,
Of manhood's strength, and woman's form,
And childhood's tender years.
The sigh that leaves a father's breast
Disturbs the sacred air!
And a mother weepeth silently—
The heart's deep grief is there!

Before the altar of the Lord
An infant form I see;
The shadow of the holy cross
Doth guard it sacredly!
And little children press around
With sad and solemn air,
And each doth in its youthful hand
A simple rosebud bear.

All silently, with beating hearts,
And tearful, gushing eyes,
They look upon the infant form
That calm in slumber lies;

Each doth its touching tribute lay
Upon the lifeless breast,
Then silently they turn away,
And leave him to his rest.

'Tis meet that o'er that sinless one,
So purified by grace,
Ye should these types of innocence,
The pure white rosebuds, place.
Now lay the form within the tomb—
(The soul to God hath sped),
And let the simple white rose bloom
Above the early dead.

Water it, mother! with the tears
Shed for that infant's loss—
Ye early gave him to his God,
Sealed with the holy cross!
Among the Saviour's blessed flock
His name is now enroll'd—
He resteth in the Shepherd's arms,
The "sweet lamb of the fold"!

December 5, 1846.

TO A FRIEND, ON HER BRIDAL EVE.

(Only a part is here written.)

Thou hast spoken farewell
To the home of thy childhood—
Thy sweet "Mystic Vale"
With its mountain and wildwood—
Thou hast sung thy last song
In the vine-cover'd bowers,
And twin'd thy last garland
Of Autumn's bright flowers.

Thou'lt wander no more
By the silver stream flowing,
Nor muse by the lake
'Neath the stars brightly glowing;
Each scene thou hast loved—
Where thy young footsteps bounded—
The voices of mirth
Where thine own sweetest sounded—

From all wilt thou part,
In joy—not in sorrow!

Oh, light be thy heart,
On thy bridal tomorrow!
And now in that home
At morn, and at even,
When swells the glad song
Of thanksgiving to Heaven,

One voice will be mute—
One sweet song unspoken—
One string of the lute—
One silver chord broken—
Thy place at the board—
Thy seat by the fire—
The duties of love
To thy fond-hearted sire—

Thy sisters so dear—
Thy kind, loving brothers—
Thou'rt leaving them all,
For thy heart is another's.
Oh, truly, and well,
May he cherish and love thee!
May Hope's sunny spell
Shine ever above thee!

May Memory's chain
Thrown brightly around thee,
Oft bring thee again
To the home where he found thee!
And when comes the spring
With its sunshine and flowers,
Again may'st thou sing
In thine own woodland bowers.

From thy casement again
In the soft hours of even,
May'st thou gaze on the stars
Shining ever in Heaven!
Through the whispering grove,
By the lake, and the river,
Again may'st thou rove
As joyous as ever;

Again may we meet
As now we have parted—
With memories sweet,
With friendship true-hearted—
Then, Lizzie, farewell!
In joy, not in sorrow—
God's blessing will dwell
On thy bridal tomorrow.

New London, November 9, 1846.

HYMN TO THE DYING.

(Written for my sister Sarah.)

Virginia! think of me!
When in the spirit land
Thou roamest bright and free,
Amid the angel band,
Who, joyful, tune their golden harps on high.
To songs that thrill with heaven-wrought melody.

Virginia! think of me!
When, from the world above,
Thou lookest down on earth,
With a pure spirit's love,
When like some guardian angel thou dost stand,
Calling thy loved ones to the happy land.

Virginia! pray for me!
E'en with thy dying breath—
And when thy spirit free
Passes the gates of death,
Pray that my soul may follow thee to God,
And humbly bow beneath his chastening rod.

Virginia! pray for me!
E'en as I love thee now!
Thou'rt one of the redeem'd—
The seal upon thy brow
Stands boldly forth in this triumphal hour,
O'er death, to show, Christ's victory and power.

I weep sad tears for thee—
My sister! precious one!
Thou'rt fading fast from me,
Like yonder setting sun!
Yet not without that blessed hope, I mourn,
The herald of thy bright, eternal dawn.

Soon, soon, thy vacant room,
And thy closed book of prayer,
The silence, and the gloom,
Will whisper—Death is there!
And where thou sleepest in thine earthly rest,
I'll come and plant spring flowers on thy breast.

As spirits ever live—
Thou'lt watch me from on high!
Some bright star will receive
The soul that cannot die.
And oft our souls will meet in holy love,
Thou looking down on earth—I, up to Heaven above.

New London, December, 1846.

THY SON SHALL RISE AGAIN!

For "the sea shall give up its dead," and "the corruptible must put on incorruption; and the mortal must put on immortality."

Oh, proudly sped a gallant ship
Upon her homeward way;
And hushed, as by the voice of Heaven,
The mighty ocean lay.
For gently blew the favoring breeze,
And cloudless was the sky,
And hearts were filled with joyful hope—
They trusted *home was nigh!*

Oh, swiftly sped that gallant ship,
A proud and fearless thing;
But hovering 'round her snowy sails
Was the death angel's wing!
And who of all the living souls
That formed that little band,
Would the destroyer summon hence
Into the spirit-land?

The silent messenger of Death
Aimed with unerring skill—
Before him bent not manhood's strength,
Nor woman's gentler will.
But one* was there in youth's bright spring,
A generous, noble boy;
The first-born—and a father's pride—
And a fond mother's joy.

That mother's name dwelt on his lips,
With holiest memory!
That father's blessing cheered his heart
Upon the lonely sea.
He feared not when the dark waves rolled,
And the white foam dashed high,
They bore him to his native land—
He hoped his home *was nigh*.

For him, in his bright, joyous youth,
Had the death-angel come:
Oh! trust that his young spirit's flight
Was to a heavenly *home!*
No blight upon his loveliness—
No stain upon his name—
No worldly impress on his heart
Had stamped its guilt and shame.

*George Lewis, of New London, Conn., was lost overboard from the ship Sam. Russell, on her first voyage from Canton. He was but seventeen years of age, and a youth of uncommon promise.

Why mourn we for the young who die?
They cannot know the sin
That waits upon man's lengthen'd life,
And taints the heart within;
We weep as for the early flower
Blighted in spring's young bloom—
The heart must mourn when those we love
Sleep in the silent tomb.

I heard a sorrowing father say,
"Oh, there can be no grave!"
Affection may not *mark the spot*
Far, far beneath the wave.
No grave for him! on his young breast
We may not lay the sod!
But we may trust his spirit rests
Securely with its God.

Murmur not, mother, at the will
That laid thy darling low—
The God of mercy, and of love,
In wisdom sent the blow;
But hope that when thy earnest prayers
For thy dear child were given,
The blessings of a mother's love
Led that young soul to Heaven.

With the last trumpet's solemn sound,
The sea shall yield its dead;
The buried forms of earth shall rise,
Each from its narrow bed.
Christ reigns triumphant! over all
The earth and boundless sea!
The mortal shall be clothed like Him—
With Immortality!

New London, May 1, 1848.

FORGIVENESS.

The odor which a flower emits when trampled upon.

Oh! it is easy to forgive!
The trampled flower again may live
And breathe its fragrance—tho' the smart
Still rankles deeply in its heart!
Life has another lesson yet—
A wounded heart *can ne'er forget*.
Like the crush'd flower it still may live,
And oh! *it sweetly will forgive!*
But to sad mem'ries doth it cling,
A desolate—a hopeless thing—
Both victims of a thoughtless hour.
A wounded heart!—a trampled flower!

TO MY WIFE AT HOME.

Written for an officer of the U. S. Navy who was in the Gulf at the siege of Vera Cruz.

I'm on the dark blue sea, my love, the deep and dark blue sea—
There's not a rolling wave, my love, but bears me far from thee—
Yet not a breeze that sighs, my love, no zephyr soft and low,
But wafts thy soul to mine, my love, so not alone I go.

The past with all its memories, our ever-present love—
The mutual hope of trusting hearts—the faith that looks above—
The cherished hours of converse sweet, where no distrust could be—
Hath blent our separate souls in one—thy spirit is with me!

'Tis with me in that hallow'd hour, in day's departing light;
'Tis with me in the dewy eve, and 'neath the stars of night;
And when fair Luna's silver beams sparkle upon the sea,
I know thou thinkest of me, love—thy spirit is with me!

'Tis with me when the storm winds blow, and when the waves dash
high;
'Tis with me when the thunderbolt bursts from the angry sky;
And when my fragile bark is toss'd upon a stormy sea,
I know thou prayest for me, love—thy spirit is with me!

'Tis with me when the rosy dawn chases the night away—
'Tis with me through the sunny hours that make the golden day.
And if one of a merry group, where laugh and jest are free,
They find no echo in my heart—thy spirit is with me!

Still think of me in twilight hour, and in the silent night,
And when the sunbeam wakes the flower, and when the day is bright,
And sing the songs I loved to hear—and o'er the dark blue sea
The tones of love will meet mine ear—thy spirit is with me!

For in my sad and lonely hours when dark forebodings come,
One image fills hope's magic glass—my own loved wife at home.
My heart recalls each treasured word spoken so oft by thee—
Hope whispers we shall meet again—thy spirit is with me!

But if amid the battle's roar beneath a foreign sky,
Untended by affection's hand, my stricken form shall lie—
Dearest! may He in whom we trust protect and comfort thee—
Thy love will bless Life's latest hour—thy spirit be with me!

ON THE DEATH OF LIEUT. ALEXANDER PERRY RODGERS,
a youthful and gallant officer, who fell at the head of his company at
the storming of Chapultepec, Mexico, Sept. 13, 1847.

Oh War! what is thy glory now?
Unwreathe, unwreathe the victor's brow,
And twine the mournful cypress leaf

Fitting a widow'd mother's grief!
Grief for her young and gallant son,
Grief for her lost, her martyr'd one,
Amid a band of brothers brave
He rests within a hero's grave.
Who nobly fought—who nobly fell—
Let yon red field of carnage tell!
Laid by the fiery death-shot low,
In the fierce fight of Mexico.

But one short year since, full of life,
He armed him for his country's strife.
Beloved among us all, he stood—
Youthful, yet manly—brave and good;
To friends and kindred close allied,
The sisters' hope, the brothers' pride.
When quivering lip, and moistened eye,
Bade the young soldier sad "good-bye"!
Warm was the wish and deep the prayer
That God would keep him in His care;
And to the Saviour's throne above
Was breathed for him, *a mother's love!*

That mother's heart is stricken now—
Unwreathe, unwreathe the victor's brow.
That mother's eyes are dimm'd with grief—
So twine the mournful cypress leaf.
"The gallant boy!" alas, no more
He'll tread with joy his native shore!
But let his country's banner wave
O'er him, the young, the pure, the brave,
Laid by the fiery death shot low,
In the fierce fight of Mexico.

New London, October 25, 1847.

THE CYPRESS GARLAND.

When Lieut. Rodgers took leave of his friends to join the army in Mexico, the writer of the following lines promised a laurel wreath in anticipation of his youthful glory. Alas! that in the very hour of victory it should be twined with the cypress garland!

I said I'd twine a laurel wreath
To bind the youthful hero's brow!
In victory's hour he met his death:
I'll weave the cypress garland now.

The form to sacred friendship dear,
The brother loved, the cherished son;
Who would not bid affection's tear
To flow for one so early gone?

Gone with the band of spirits brave
Ere yet the victor's shout was o'er!



The battle ground their warrior-grave—
Far, far upon a foreign shore.

His was the noble, manly form;
And his the high and upright mind;
A heart with generous feelings warm,
Where purest virtues lay enshrined.

And oh, may all who early die
From sin, and from temptation flee;
That in *the hour of victory*
They may be brave, and blest as he!

I said I'd twine a laurel wreath
To bind the youthful hero's brow;
I did not dream his early death—
I'll weave the cypress garland now!

October 28, 1847.

TO JOSEPHINE.

With a Regard Ring.

Precious above the *Ruby*, far
Should woman's virtue be her pride—
And as the *Emerald's* changeless green
Should truth in woman's heart abide.
Warm as the *Garnet's* ruddy hue,
True love should glow in woman's breast,
Where like the *Amethyst's* mild ray,
Should faith repose—a holy guest.
Crowning the *Ruby's* radiance bright
Should shine the *Diamond's* peerless light.
Virtue, and *Truth*, and *Faith*, and *Love*,
These, dear one, are the graces true
Which shed upon you from above,
Fix in our hearts *regard* for you.

New London, June, 1858.

THE FLOWER CROSS.

The offering of kindly hands,
Woven of flowers fresh and fair,
Meet emblems of the loveliness
Of her who slumbers there.

We'll guard the symbol sacredly,
Tho' Autumn winds with cutting breath
Shall change its pure, sweet blossoms soon
To wintry hues of death.

We'll twine it o'er in early Spring,
And Heaven's dew with life shall lave
The Flower Cross of snowy white
That lies on Mary's grave.

They brought young children to Christ, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them.*—St. Mark, 10:13.

"Suffer little children," the Saviour said
(And checked his disciples stood,
For man in his infant helplessness
Alone in the world is good).

Suffer little children to come unto me,
They're bound by no common love—
On each infant's brow will I set my seal
As an heir of the world above.

Suffer little children! forbid them not,
But bring them unto me!
No sight so pure on the wide, wide earth
E'en the babe on its mother's knee.

Forbid them not to come unto me—
See! how they cling to my breast!
Fain would I carry ye, "little ones,"
To my home of eternal rest.

I would see the green turf above ye laid
While yet unstained by sin;
Oh, better, far better, the early grave
Than the world's applause to win.

But it may not be—ye must struggle on
Though your path be one of woe;
Ye must strive for an higher heritage
Than awaits ye here below.

"Children!" "Of such is the Kingdom of God!"
Remember ye this—and when
In the pride of a glorious intellect
Ye speak to the world, as men—

If ye would pass through its tainted air
With your spirits undefiled,
Ye must come again to the Saviour's arms
With the heart of a little child.

For this it is to be born anew:
Ye must count all gain but loss

*Written after witnessing a baptism.

Save that which brings ye in childlike faith
To the foot of the Saviour's cross.

"Forgetting those things that are behind"—
"Pressing on to those before"—
For know that the prize of your calling high
Is on an eternal shore!

Ye may back the knowledge and wealth of earth,
Ye may win not its honors high,
But there waiteth a crown for the pure in heart—
A name that can never die.

ON THE DEATH OF A PET SPANIEL.*

Written for a friend.

My pretty Blenheim! playful pet!
Alas, thou art no more!
Thy little form lies motionless,
Thy graceful gambols o'er.

Poor Blenheim! didst thou die alone?
No kindly aid to save?
Or did some thoughtful stranger's hand
Consign thee to thy grave?

Oh, there is one far, far away,
A fair and gentle girl,
Who oft thy little form caress'd,
And smoothed each silken curl.

And when she left for foreign climes
And gave thee to my trust,
She little thought that thou so soon
Would'st mingle with the dust.

I know thy mistress would have wept,
Blenheim! to see thee die!
And I, thy guardian, was not near
To meet thy pleading eye.

Thy quivering limbs and stiffening form
My very heart had wrung—
Thy death, poor Blenheim, shall not be
Unhonored, or unsung.

That thou hadst fitting burial
Yon little mound shall tell.
Thou wert to me a faithful friend—
My Blenheim—fare thee well.

*Left with Lieut. Alex. J. Perry, at West Point, by a young lady during her absence abroad.

"HARK! HARK! THE DOGS DO BARK!"

Died, at West Point, *dog-days*, 1854, Charley Blenheim, a pet spaniel. Sancho Terrier, his bosom friend and companion, inconsolable for his loss, attended his burial as chief mourner. The Canine Corps of *Pointers* (under the admirable military discipline of the Post) maintained a *dogged* silence until it was officially announced by the *active* and *indefatigable aids* "*Crab*" and "*Buster*" that the following *doggerel* would be *howled* over the grave of their deceased comrade:*

Cold beneath the turf he's sleeping—
Canine eyes are sadly weeping;
Furious barking, yelling, growling,
Piteous moaning, whining, howling,
Canine throats make maddening parley
O'er the grave of Blenheim Charley.

Sancho's little heart is weary—
Sancho's home is lone and dreary—
Drooping, up and down he wanders,
O'er his playmate's absence ponders;
No more sportively he boundeth,
But his wail of woe resoundeth—
Sancho's grief is *snappish*—*snarley*,
For the loss of Blenheim Charley.

Rest thee, pretty Blenheim, rest thee!
Gentle hands have oft caress'd thee!
One both fair and tender-hearted
Oft each silken curl hath parted,
And ere ocean's waves divided,
Thee to friendly care confided.
Oh, could he have seen thee, lying
In thy *doglike* beauty—dying!
He'd have had thee, Blenheim Charley,
Done in waxwork—a la Garley!

At a meeting of the Canine Corps of Pointers, it was voted that a copy of the foregoing proceedings be sent to the beloved mistress of their deceased comrade—also to his guardian, now absent from the post.

The members of said Corps, in accordance with one of the settled *dogmas* of the age, are requested to wear the usual badge of mourning on *each left leg* during the remaining *dog days*.

"GEN. TAYLOR NEVER SURRENDERS."

(A political song.)

On the war-stained Palo Alto,
Firm and brave the hero stood;
At Resaca de la Palma,
Fell his comrades bathed in blood;

*For the same spaniel.

Yet he flinched not—"Rough and Ready"
 Taylor's heart was strong and steady—
 This he made his motto ever,
 "Taylor's flag surrenders never!"

CHORUS.

Rough and Ready; strong and steady;
 This shall be our battle cry;
 Taylor men will ne'er surrender,
 Taylor men will fight or die.

During Monterey's dread carnage,
 When her streets ran red with gore;
 At far-famed Buena Vista,
 First amid the battle's roar;
 On his war-steed firmly planted;
 Nothing fearing—nothing daunted—
 Still he made his motto ever,
 "Taylor's flag surrenders never!"
 Rough and Ready, etc.

Now the fearful strife is over;
 Taylor's sought his home again;
 And the bird of peace shall hover
 O'er each blood-stained battle plain.
 But the strife of party rages;
 Man with man fierce contest wages—
 Let this be our motto ever,
 "Taylor's flag surrenders never!"
 Rough and Ready, etc.

Wise in council; cool in judgment;
 Tried and fearless, frank and free;
 Honest-hearted, brave old soldier,
 We shall have no chief but thee!
 Republican, in heart and manner;
 Thou'st inscribe upon thy banner,
 True as steel—thy motto ever,
 "Taylor's flag surrenders never!"
 Rough and Ready, etc.

Taylor is the people's idol;
 Taylor is the people's choice;
 He will prove a faithful ruler,
 And the nation shall rejoice.
 Like Washington, the good, the gifted,
 Ne'er by fawning flattery lifted;
 He will bear his motto ever,
 "Taylor's flag surrenders never!"
 Rough and Ready, etc.

ONE YEAR OLD.

We have a little brother,
A precious boy is he—
Just old enough to stand alone
Close by his mother's knee—
Just old enough to say "Papa"
And laugh right joyously.

A blithsome little fellow,
Is our brother, one year old;
He is the darling of us all,
The pet-lamb of the fold;
He is our greatest treasure—
His worth cannot be told.

Oh, well do we remember—
'Twas on a lovely morn—
The sun was shining brightly,
And blossoms gemm'd the lawn—
And birds were singing sweetly
When they told us he was born.

We watch'd him in his slumber—
We kissed his downy cheek—
His blue eyes when he waken'd
Were like the violet meek;
We wondered why he smiled not,
And why he did not speak

But we were little children,
The truth we could not see—
That we too had been infants
Once, just as young as he—
And lay as weak and helpless
Upon our mother's knee.

One morn our mother decked him
In a robe as white as snow—
To church we saw him carried,
We heard a solemn vow,
We saw the limpid water
Sprinkled upon his brow.

We heard that Christ the Saviour
Such little ones caress'd—
That in His arms He took them
And lovingly He blessed—
And often on His bosom
They've sweetly sunk to rest.

We'll teach our little brother,
"Our Father," he must say—
We heard that Christ commanded
Thus every one should pray—

That God may send His blessings
Upon us day by day.

God gave us this sweet brother
To play with, and to hold—
And He, the gentle Shepherd,
Who ne'er forsakes the fold,
May take again our brother,
The baby one year old.

We may watch again his slumber,
But may not hear his breath—
The blue eyes may not open,
But tightly close in death—
His darling form be hidden
The fresh green turf beneath.

But we know that Christ the Saviour
Each little one has blessed—
His tender "lambs" He called them,
And clasped them to His breast,
Where, dying, those who love him
Will sweetly, sweetly rest.

May 1, 1849.

THE BRIDAL AND THE BURIAL.

I saw a happy bridal pair
Before the altar stand,
I heard a voice in solemn tones
Unite them hand in hand;
A ring, a prayer, a plighted troth,
And hand was joined to heart,
Ever to cling together here—
Only in death to part!
The bridal flowers fresh and sweet,
Shed incense on the air,
And smiling friends press'd gladly round,
And all was joyful there—
For none but sounds of light-toned mirth
Greeted the newly wed:
But absent, stricken hearts, that day,
Kept watch beside the dead.
How strangely mirth and sadness meet
Our sight along life's pathway wide—
The Bridal! and the Burial!
Thus move they ever—side by side.

Before that altar once again,
I saw a lonely bier;
And mourning friends came sadly there
And shed the sorrowing tear;

The dearly-loved, the cherished one,
 In death's deep slumber lay—
 The friend, the sister, mother, wife,
 From earth had passed away!
 A few short years, since round her brow
 Had bloomed the bridal wreath;
 And pure white flowers blossomed still
 For her—the bride of Death!
 Then mournfully those solemn words
 Came back upon my heart,
 "Ever to cling together here—
 Only *in death* to part!
 How changed, yet how alike the scenes—
 The white-robed dead: the white-robed bride:
 The marriage-bell—the funeral-knell—
 Thus sound they ever—side by side.

The Christian faith that bound two hearts
 In earth's most sacred tie,
 Came with its calm and holy hope
 To cheer the grief-dimm'd eye.
 Beloved in life—and blest in death—
 Was she—the pure in heart!
 Earth's dearest, holiest bond of love,
 Only the grave could part!
 They laid her in her resting-place,
 In the bright, joyous spring;
 On the green hillside, where the trees wave
 And flowers are blossoming.
 Dust mingled with its kindred dust,
 And earth to earth, was given;
 The soul! made spotless—soared above
 To be the Bride of Heaven!
 Oh, what a lesson doth it teach,
 To calm our joy, subdue our pride:
 The Bridal! and the Burial!
 Thus move they ever—side by side.

TO A GENTLEMAN.

You are the winner of the gloves.
 If I the miss did make
 I can't refer to "Hudibers,"
 So I your word must take.
 She who complies against her will
 Is of the same opinion still.

"Call it a moment's work (and thus it seems),
 This tale's a fragment from the life of dreams;
 But say, that years matured the silent strife,
 And 'tis a record from the dream of Life."

MOTHER! WE SOON SHALL PART.

The following lines were written by the request of a friend who was on the eve of parting with an aged mother.

Mother! we soon shall part,
Perchance to meet no more!
Thy bark of life has almost reached the bright
Eternal shore!
And safely will that blessed goal be won;
A heavenly pilot guards and guides thee on.

Mother! there is a light,
Shines clearest in life's gloom—
The eye of faith can see its radiance bright
This side the tomb:
It led to Jesus, in days distant far—
It ever beameth—the bright Bethlehem Star!

Mother! thy lot has been
A pilgrimage of years;
And in thy cup of bliss were mingled deep
Life's woes and tears;
But thine has been that Christian faith divine,
Which sees the light through sorrow brightest shine.

Mother! we soon shall part—
We may not meet on earth!
My eyes may never here behold the form
That gave me birth;
For I may pass before thee, o'er the sea
That rolls between us and Eternity.

Mother! the hope that cheer'd
Thy love and drooping heart—
That made life's trials less—may it be mine,
When thus we part!
May I thy patient, humble spirit bear—
Thy meek endurance, amid earthly care.

Mother! thou yet may'st see
Blest years of life and health—
God grant to thee that priceless boon of earth—
Its richest wealth.
And when, at last, thou yieldest up thy breath,
May'st thou sink gently to the sleep of death.

Mother! thou'lt leave one gift;
An honored memory!
'Twill cheer my sadden'd heart, should I be left
To mourn for thee!
Though Death may sever this life's fragile chain,
It parts us, Mother! but to meet again!

May 5, 1849.

THE ANGEL CHORUS.*

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.

Ages past, in far Judea,
Dawned our joyful Christmas morn!
Meek and lowly in a manger
Jesus, Prince of Peace, was born!
Angels raised their tuneful voices
Sounding through the radiant sky—
Listening seraphs swelled the chorus,
Glory be to God on high!

Ages passed—and our Redeemer,
Christ the Saviour, is the same—
Bethlehem was His humble birthplace,
But Emanuel is His name!
Then the wise men paid Him homage,
And the shepherds standing by
Caught the blessed angel anthem,
Glory be to God on high!

Ages passed—and still earth's wise men
Bring Him offerings from afar,
Still do simple shepherds seek Him,
Trusting in His guiding star.
Peace on earth was His blest mission
Of good will, for man to die!
Join we then the angel chorus,
Glory be to God on high!

Ages passed—and Christ the Saviour,
Infant born of Bethlehem,
Hath exchanged the lowly manger
For a glorious diadem!
Throned upon the highest Heaven—
Lord of all the earth and sky—
Hear ye not the angel voices?
Glory be to God on high!

Ages passed—and He hath gathered
Myriads in His name today—
And from every clime and nation
Swells to Heaven the Christmas lay.
Children, raise your happy voices,
Catch the chorus floating by—
'Tis the blessed angel-anthem—
Glory be to God on high!

*Christmas, 1856. Composed for the Sunday School of St. James' Parish, New London, Conn.

SPRING.

'Tis Nature's resurrection!
'Tis Spring!—beautiful Spring!
Blossoms have opened to the breeze,
And birds are on the wing;
And troops of happy children go
Amid the laughing hours,
Gaily to weave their garlands bright,
Of earliest, freshest flowers.
Spring! beautiful Spring!

Thou comest with thy sunny smile,
And Winter's frown is gone—
Earth, like a youthful bride, comes forth
With a robe of beauty on.
The velvet turf beneath our feet,
The radiant sky above,
And all created things, proclaim,
Through thee, a God of love:
Spring! beautiful Spring!

Thy rich and varied beauty
Is borne upon the gale,
Thy breath is on the sunny slope,
And in the verdant dale;
It hath called to life the violet,
And on the primrose smiled,
And waked the sweet anemone,
Thy meek-eyed, fragile child;
Spring! beautiful Spring!

Thine are the sounds of gladness
Utter'd o'er all the earth—
The mountain-tops, majestic, joy!
The vales resound with mirth!
And, gladly, to thy warm embrace,
Gush out the sportive rills;
The lowing herds break forth in praise,
"Upon a thousand hills,"
Spring, beautiful Spring!

The smallest blade of grass that grows,
The ripple on the sea,
The waving trees and balmy breeze
Give silent thanks to thee;
The bee amid the honeyed flowers,
The blithesome song of birds,
Express, through thee, their Maker's love,
Though uttered not in words.
Spring, beautiful Spring!

'Tis Nature's resurrection!
The earth is born again!

'Tis quickened by the breath of Heaven,
Fed by the dropping rain,
And every Spring that blesses earth,
As seasons 'round us roll,
Symbols that resurrection
Which waits each living soul.
Spring! beautiful Spring!

Thus, when the voice of Nature
Praises the God above,
How much should man adore Him!
Man—heir of endless love!
For when the earth has vanished—
When Time is past, and gone,
Still smiles on this undying Spring,
With her robe of glory on.
Spring! beautiful Spring!

Chillicothe, April 9, 1849.

THE UNCLERICAL ADVENTURERS OF DOMINIE S——N.

Some gentlemen on pleasure bent,
A short time since a-yachting went,
Upon a summer's day;
From Jersey, where the breakers roar,
They cruised towards Long Island shore
Fishing the time away.

Their little vessel well was stored—
With goodly viands all abroad—
They wanted but a cook!
They fixed upon "a Dominie"
Who was accustomed more to be
Engaged with "gown" and "book"!

This Dominie, poor luckless wight,
Had gained a salt-air appetite,
By cruising on the water;
And so he searched the larder through
Thinking to find a "private stew"—
'Twas what he "hadn't oughter"!

He got his coffee boiling well—
And then he turned aside a spell,
To make himself a *hash*.
A sudden squall struck on the yacht,
And stew-pan, hash, and coffee pot,
Went over with a crash!

The Dominie his fingers burned—
He's not the first one who has learned
By some such painful mode,

That there is often many a slip
Between the *stew-pan* and the lip
On life's uncertain road.

Fancy our hero now transformed,
His breakfast *cold* his fingers *warmed*,
"Big leather mittens" on
Into which they molasses turn—
(A novel way to cure a burn)
But that's not all the fun!

The sun—it was so scorching hot!
The "lasses" such a baking got!
(You know 'twas summer weather)
The Dominie had usual luck—
The "mittens" and the "fingers" stuck
Like putty, close together.

Our Dominie had had enough
Of see romance, and all such stuff,
And thought he'd come ashore
Knowing that in this quiet place
There were some friends who'd have the grace
To greet him well once more.

But still bad luck was on his side—
For ere he reached our harbor wide,
Oh! what a storm he met!
His "umbrella" and "overcoat"
He left aboard his *pleasure-boat*
And he got soaking wet!

'Twixt soaking, baking, boiling well,
He did a merry story tell,
And with so good a grace,
That I have taken a sudden whim
To give it back in rhyme to him—
If it's not out of place.

THE SONG I PROMISED LÉONIE.

'Twas on a sweet midsummer's night—
The azure arch of heaven was bright,
And Luna shed her silver light
On earth so peacefully—
And where the gentle moonbeams play'd
Beneath the green Ailanthus' shade—
There I a peaceful promise made,
A song for Léonie.

A lay for Léonie to sing!
What tuneful off'ring can I bring?
For free as is the wild bird's wing,
Methinks her heart should be!
And gentle as the brooding dove,
The tender minstrelsy of love,
The burden of that song should prove,
The song for Léonie!

Oh, thou may'st pass through changing years,
And bright with smiles, and dimm'd with tears,
And filled with anxious hopes and fears,
Thy varied course may be—
For such to every heart belong!
To say aught else, would do thee wrong!
And these must mingle in the song
I promised Léonie.

Life is *not all* what it may seem,
And pleasure's but a joyous dream
As fleeting as the bright sunbeam,
Or ripple on the sea;
Yet may Life's choicest gifts be thine,
And may'st thou walk by light divine,
And only worship Truth's pure shrine,
My guileless Léonie!

May Joy attend thee, gentle girl,
May Hope her sunny sails unfurl,
And Love its twining tendrils curl
And freshly bloom 'round thee!
May angels o'er thy pathway bright
Hover with wings of rosy light—
Thus and thus only can I write
A song for Léonie.

New York, September, 1848.

A CONTRAST TO THE "OLD BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY."

Nay, weep not, beloved, my own gentle wife,
Though burneth now dimly, my bright lamp of life;
Press again those sweet lips on my pain-throbbing brow,
Of everything earthly thou'st nearest me now!
Dost remember, my loved one, the bright days of youth,
When we plighted our vows at the altar of Truth?
When this ring on thy finger, hands placed in mine,
I vowed until death, to be true, only thine?
When I claimed that fair hand, no light words were spoken,
No false vows were uttered, no fond heart was broken!
All of earthly enjoyment I owe, love, to you—
You have ever been gentle, and loving, and true—
My friend and adviser in want and in wealth,
My devoted companion in sickness and health,

In rapture and sorrow—in smiles and in tears—
 We have loved—oh, how fondly! through long changing years.
 Oh God, thou in mercy didst look from above
 To shed o'er my life this full richness of love.
 One by one they have left me, the friends of my youth,
 But *she is still with me* in unchanging truth!
 Side by side in yon graveyard our kindred all lie—
 And weep not, beloved, that I soon must die—
 My last days are numbered—life's sands quickly run—
 Be comforted, dearest—let God's will be done.
 I cannot stay with thee—would I were so blest!
 I cannot die happy and leave thee distressed!
 For my sake, beloved, oh yield to His will,
 He hath been with thee ever—will be with thee still.
 I would not, my dearest, that thou should'st forget
 His memory who loved thee till "life's sun had set."
 But with calm, gentle sorrow, so pure and resigned,
 A Christian in meekness, in spirit refined.
 Let me press my pale lips on that grief-stricken brow,
 And I can die happy—thou'rt nearest me now!
 My first love, and only, in youth thou wert given
 To love me till death—and to meet me in Heaven.

CONFIRMATION OF THE YOUNG.

Oh! 'tis a sight so moving,
 To see their young forms bending
 Where Faith and Hope seem blending,
 In hearts so fresh and loving.
 Oh! they are words so precious,
 Said o'er them, lowly kneeling,
 Such blessed words of healing,
 For Thou, oh God, art gracious!
 One sent from Thee, anointed—
 Divinely thus appointed—
 Layeth his hands upon them,
 Upon each youthful brow;
 He breathes a blessing on them,
 For Thou, through him, art sealing
 Their Confirmation vow.
 Before the holy altar
 Making them Thine forever!
 May sin's dominion, never
 Tempt thee to stray or falter.
 If, coming thus before Thee—
 Sincerely they implore Thee—
 Strength will not be denied them,
 Thy Spirit, too, will guide them
 To reverence thy law—
 From sin, the world, the devil,
 From every form of evil,
 Thus by *Thy grace defended*,
 Even, when life is ended,
 Forever—"more and more"!

New London, March 27, 1855.

TO S. S. R.

On her bridal morn.

Happy bride!
Hopefully she dreameth!
With the chosen by her side
Joyful now she seemeth,
Naught of sorrow, naught of ill,
In the future deemeth.

Youthful bride!
Wreathed with fragrant flowers!
With the chosen by thy side
Through Life's sunny hours,
May'st thou gather blossoms sweet
In the summer bowers.

Fair young bride!
Fresh as blooming roses!
On the chosen by thy side
All thy love reposes;
May that love still deeper grow
As Life's evening closes.

Loving bride!
Life lies all before thee!
He, the chosen by thy side,
Loveth, careth for thee,
Yet a *higher, holier love*
Watcheth ever o'er thee.

Trusting bride!
Banish doubts opposing!
With the chosen by thy side
Friends are the caressing,
And upon thy marriage vow
Rests a mother's blessing.

Happy, loving, trusting bride!
May'st thou be so ever!
Then the chosen from thy side
Death alone can sever!
And the hearts that God hath joined
Shall be *one*—forever!

WILLIE.

A fair young boy had watched the birds
In the first hour of even,
And as they winged their happy flight
Through the blue arch of Heaven,

'Twas thus upon a loving ear
His artless accents rung—
"Mama! why cannot I have wings
And fly to Heaven young?"

Oh, what a guileless heart gushed forth
In those few simple words!
The sinless child would soar above,
Free as the swift-winged birds;
And closely clung, the mother's heart
To this, her first-born son—
A little boy, of tender years,
A loved and cherished one;
For all who knew the artless child,
Knew but to love him well;
He wound himself around each heart
By some endearing spell;
And oft his little form comes back
Upon my memory,
So thoughtfully bent o'er his book,
Or full of childish glee.

I see him on the mimic wave,
Guiding his little boat;
And on the fancied battle ground
I hear his victor shout;
His tiny slate, the pictures, drawn
With rare, tho' childlike skill,
The books, the toys, so dear to him—
All speak of "little Will"!
How oft with wonder and delight
He'd leave his sports to hear
The words that fell from older lips
Upon his infant ear;
But most he loved in twilight hour
To seek his mother's side,
And hear the wondrous birth of Christ,
And how the Saviour died;
And when he knelt in innocence
At eve, his infant prayer,
Like sweetest incense, went to Heaven,
And was accepted there.

'Twas early even—Willie came
To say his sweet "Good night"—
And as he went the circle round
His dark eyes beaming bright—
His joyous laugh, and voice of glee
Fell gladly on each ear,
Oh! little thought, those loving ones,
To part with one so dear!
And when he met his father's kiss
Was heard his gentle call—
"Papa! tomorrow I will go
To church, and guard you all!"

The morrow came—the bells rang clear—
It was God's holy day—
What kept the parents and their child
All from the church away?
Willie—their darling one—was laid
Upon a fevered bed
And loving forms bent anxiously
To soothe his throbbing head,
To bathe the limbs with fever scorched,
To watch, and pray, and weep,
While surely o'er that suffering form
Did the destroyer creep—
For strong delirium's fetters bound
The reason of their child,
The eye gave back no answering look,
The voice was strange and wild.

He slept—and reason was restored—
Slowly he looked around,
And in the hush'd and sadden'd group
His eyes, *the loved ones* found.
"Papa!" (the father sprang to catch
The faintest wish expressed),
And as he met the conscious look
And held him to his breast,
Again he gently called—"Mama!"
(She stood beside her child),
"I want to love you both," he said,
And then he sweetly smiled—
One moment, and his eyes of love
Were fixed upon her face,
And then each parent's neck was clasped—
Oh! 'twas a last embrace!

And days passed on; his little form
Was wrung with keenest pain,
Yet once upon a parent's name
That sweet voice called again.
With heavy heart, the father sat
Beside his first-born son,
Watching that little lamp of life
Whose light was nearly done!
"Papa!" and as at that loved voice
A parent's hopes beat high,
Words of dread import met his ear—
"Tell me, what 'tis to die!"
He, strong with life, could tell thee naught—
But thou, sweet angel child,
Had'st caught a gleam of God's bright home,
By suffering undefiled!
And soon thy pure young spirit passed
Through the blue arch of Heaven,
As thou hadst seen the little birds
In the first hour of even!

And often on thy mother's ear
 Thy guileless words have rung!
 "Mama, why cannot I have wings
 And fly to Heaven young?"
 And often as the sweet church bells
 Call to the house of prayer,
 We feel a *little angel form*
 Unseen—*shall guard us there!*

May 19, 1851.

MIDSUMMER MORNING AND NIGHT AT SUNNYSIDE.

Midsummer night! and all is still!
 Not e'en a ripple on the bay—
 Yon little isles sleep lovingly
 Beneath the moonbeams' watchful ray.
 No cloud obscures the azure sky,
 The stars that gem the vault on high
 Are mirror'd in the deep below—
 Where on her track of glittering light
 Fair Luna glides with silver feet,
 Floating through silence, soft and low,
 Come music's notes, with cadence sweet,
 One little bark is on the wave—
 Her keel the crystal waters lave—
 But motionless her snowy sail—
 She wooes not now the fav'ring gale;
 No cautious sailor treads her deck,
 Fearful of storms—perchance of wreck—
 Her sentinels, the stars of even,
 Tread noiselessly the courts of Heaven,
 And all beneath, both land and sea,
 Seem hush'd in blest tranquility.

Midsummer night! how soft and still
 From mossy vale to tree-crown'd hill.
 O'er the smooth lawn, and terraced ways
 The moon's unveil'd effulgence plays;
 With chasten'd light her radiance falls
 On wooded walks, and ivied walls;
 Through shady bower and leafy dell
 Moves fitfully her magic spell;
 And gleaming bright, her silver lines
 Pierce the dark avenue of pines.

Midsummer night! how soft and still,
 Save the low gently gurgling rill
 No sound is heard—each little bird
 Has sunk to rest with folded wings.
 No owl hoots, no cricket sings—
 No swallow twitters 'neath the eaves;

The green trees rustle not their leaves,
The watchdog gives no warning sound,
Nature seems so in slumber bound,
I listen, but with practiced ear
My heart's low beating scarce I hear.
Surely I feel a God above
Doth watch us with His eye of love!
The majesty of Heaven hath sent
On earth this silence eloquent!

Midsummer morn! how gloriously
It gleams along the eastern sky,
And as the rosy daylight breaks
The silent night to life awakes.
The day-god from his couch of rest
On the broad Ocean's heaving breast,
Ascends in solemn majesty
His pathway up the glowing sky,
And all the scene is bathed in light
Reflected from his glory bright.
The forest heights of "Hunter's Isle"
Grow radiant in his sunny smile,
And now his golden splendors play
On the fair face of "Crystal Bay."
The little bark, that yesternight,
Lay moor'd beneath the moonbeams' bright
With pennon fluttering in the breeze
Now steers her course for distant seas.
The "Julia," with her dripping oar,
Is fast receding from the shore.
With many a sportive bound
The graceful "Annie's" snow white sail,
Scarce swelling in the summer gale,
Glides gently to the sound;
And o'er the waters far, afloat
From many a fearless fisher's boat,
Light dancing on the foam,
Swells the full chorus, loud and clear
As song of tuneful gondolier,
With many a heartfelt, farewell note
To loved ones left at home;
And where Fort Schuyler's wall of rock,
Fitted to breast the battle shock
As now the foaming spray,
Looks down upon the rolling tide—
White sails, like sheeted specters glide
Upon their trackless way;
And the huge steamer, swift and fast,
On wheels of life is rushing past.
For her, the summer air is balm,
The winds are hush'd, the waters calm—
No tempest howls, no billows roar,
"On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,"
But in the sunny glow

Her pebbly strand, and sandy beach
Shine white as drifted snow.

Midsummer morn! how sweetly bland
It dawns upon the smiling land.
Nor painter's pencil, poet's pen,
Can sketch a scene more fair,
As all its varied charms unfold
In the still summer air.

Where'er I turn, with glad surprise,
A magic picture meets my eyes.
There, sheltered in the verdant vale
From summer's sun, and winter's gale,
The vine-embowered cot I see,
Its blue smoke curling gracefully.
The lordly mansion towers high—
There points the church spire to the sky—
With sacred finger, morn and even,
Teaching the world the way to Heaven.
And 'mid the neighboring hills is seen,
Half hidden by its ivy green,
The Priory's turret walls—
On broad portiere, with colors bright,
"And storied windows nicely bright"

The glancing sunlight falls.
Around me woodland, vale and hill,
Island and bay, the picture fill.
Gladly I quit the city's heat
To roam amid these scenes so sweet,
Or pensive muse at eventide,
When shadows steal o'er "Sunny Side."
Or with the twilight's deepening shade,
As from my sight they slowly fade,
Grouped on the airy colonnade
With happy hearts, and voices gay,
We while the summer eve away.
Gladly I wake at early morn,
When sunny sky and glad, green earth
Rejoice alike in Nature's birth.
Here flowers their fragrant sweets disclose,
The dew-drops gather on the rose,
And busy insects' ceaseless hum
Proclaim that joyous day has come.
The cattle browsing on the lawn
Breathe the sweet incense of the morn,
And the old house dog, full of glee,
Bounds o'er the grass with footsteps free.
The blithe larks soaring up the sky
Pour a full flood of minstrelsy—

Their glorious matin songs—
And now, from out a thousand trees,
Light-waving in the summer breeze,
Unnumbered warblers catch the strain,
And echo wafts the song again
To Him where praise belongs.

WILLIAM ANTHONY TOTTEN.

Died Feb. 3, 1851. Aged 4 years, 8 months and 15 days. "Blessed are the early called, far beyond those who stay."

Why weep ye in sorrow?
The summons is said
Which parted the fond ones—
The arrow hath sped:
Why weep ye in sorrow?
Oh! sudden the blow,
And heavy the death-stroke,
The first-born lies low!
For the bloom on his cheek,
And the light in his eye,
And the smile on his lip,
Came *the pale Agony!*

Weep, ye bereaved ones,
Your hearts have been torn,
From the green earth forever
Hath passed your first-born!
Yet lives he in Heaven,
Your sweet, sinless child;
Oh, there may ye meet him
With souls undefiled!
The signet of Heaven
Is on his fair brow,
Ye gave him to Jesus,
Who guardeth him now.

In angel-white shrouded
He went to his rest,
His little hands folded
Upon his young breast,
And seraphs of Heaven
The precious one bore
Safe o'er the dark river
To yonder bright shore,
Where Christ, the Good Shepherd,
Stood waiting to hold
In the arms of His mercy
This lamb of the fold.

Then weep, ye bereaved ones,
But not without joy—
The smile of the Saviour
Is on your loved boy—
So happy, so peaceful
His spirit doth rest,
Where the earliest called
Are the earliest blest.
Ye would not recall him!
The off'ring thus given
Ere Earth's sin has tainted—
Is purest in Heaven!

February, 1851.

CEDAR VALE CEMETERY, NEW LONDON.

I stood within a quiet spot
 Where the cedar branches wave,
 A consecrated burial place;
 Yet not a single grave
 Had marked with its low, grassy mound,
 Death's impress on that hallowed ground.

The teachings of God's holy word,
 And the deep voice of prayer,
 In solemn tones alone were heard
 To break the silence there;
 No sorrowing tears had then been shed
 Within the City of the Dead.

Of tottering age, and manly strength,
 Fresh youth and childhood gay,
 I saw a throng pass out from thence
 Along the winding way;
 Alas! how many soon might come,
 To leave no more their narrow home!

'Twas fading Autumn—wither'd leaves
 Lay crushed beneath our feet;
 Types of man's frail mortality,
 When the heart has ceased to beat;
 But still a God of light and love
 Bent o'er us from the sky above.

For life was ours—and every pulse
 With hope was throbbing warm:
 Who of us thought to be the first
 To lay the shrouded form,
 In summer's wane, or spring's bright bloom,
 In the cold darkness of the tomb.

* * * * *

Seasons have passed—again I stood
 Where the cedar branches wave,
 And now their sombre shadows fall
 O'er many a hallowed grave;
 And heart-wrung tears have oft been shed,
 Within the City of the Dead.

The sculptured marble stands aloft
 Where breathed the manly form,
 And where the graceful willow droops
 Has woman's heart beat warm;
 And tiny graves to babes are given
 Whose angel souls have soared to Heaven.

The world's harsh discord may not come
 Where calm and peace abound,

And as I tread the shaded paths
I feel 'tis holy ground!
That here the dead in Christ are blest—
God grant us all such hopeful rest.

'Tis summer time—the singing birds
Carol on every bough,
And with their tuneful minstrelsy
The air is vocal now;
And fountains play, and flowers bloom,
To deck with beauty e'en the tomb.

But fading Autumn soon will come,
And scatter withered leaves—
So ever thus o'er life's decay
The burdened spirit grieves,
And sadder notes than winter's wail
Will oft be heard in Cedar Vale.

E'en now comes borne upon the breeze
A low-voiced, woman's woe;
Within yon grave just newly made
One best-beloved, lies low—
A father's, and a husband's head
Is numbered with the sainted dead.

And joyous Spring again will come—
And oft-refreshing showers
Will clothe the graves again with green
And wake to life the flowers—
True symbol of the glorious dawn
Of Earth's bright resurrection morn.

We know not if in distant lands
Our rest in death shall be,
Or if among the myriad graves
Far, far, beneath the sea;
But they who love us well will weep
Where'er may be our dreamless sleep.

And many a simple tablet reared,
Shall tell the mournful tale,
Of loved ones buried far from this
Their native Cedar Vale—
Whose names to sacred memory dear
Shall ever live—recorded here.

New London, June 22, 1853.

AMERICA.

America! thou glorious land!
The noble birthright of the free!
High as thy sun-crowned mountains stand
Shall swell the song of liberty!

America.

America! thou glorious land!
The noble birthright of the free!
High as thy sun-crowned mountains stand
Shall swell the song of liberty!

In memory of thy mighty ones,
Thy statesmen wise, and patriots brave,
Thy veteran sires and youthful sons,
Who gave their life-blood for a grave;
In memory of each warlike deed,
The battles fought, and battles won,
The wisdom which secured the meed
Of blessed peace, when strife was done;
America! thou favored land!
The noble birthright of the free;
High as thy sun-crowned mountains stand,
Shall swell the song of liberty!

Still doth thy star-strewn banner wave
Unconquered over sea and land,
Like thy own eagle, free and brave,
Columbia! doth thy wings expand!
Thy ships float over every sea,
The commerce of the world is thine.
Religion, science, art, shall be
The eyes—through which thy glories shine,
America! thou favored land!
The noble birthright of the free!
High as thy sun-crowned mountains stand,
Shall swell the song of liberty!

Still may the God of Heaven bless
Thy sons with plenteousness and peace,
Firm, amid factions' lawlessness,
May thy blest UNION never cease!
And Earth from its remotest bound
To thee shall fitting tribute pay,
And shout with universal sound,
All hail to thee, America!
America! thou glorious land!
The noble birthright of the free!
High as thy sun-crowned mountains stand,
Shall swell the song of liberty.

